First impressions of America.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

by John Walter, ed. & proprietor of the London Time Signed J. W. 1818–94

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The following pages contain the substance of some letters written during a tour of three months in the autumn of 1866, and are printed at the request of some very dear friends, who wished to possess a record of the author's travels.

Bearwood, Nov. 1, 1867.

First Impressions of America.

LETTER I.

New York, Sept. 21, 1866.

My dear—,

WE arrived here last night, after a tedious passage of nearly 13 days from Liverpool. As you have never crossed the Atlantic, nor seen a Cunard steamer, you may, perhaps, like to know some of the particulars of the voyage. We left the pier at Liverpool about 8.30 a.m. on Saturday, the 8th, in a wretched tug, which barely afforded us standing room or shelter from the drizzling rain, and in about twenty minutes found ourselves alongside the Java,

the newest and finest screw steamer on the line. The B 2 luggage followed in another tug, and about half-an-hour afterwards the mail-bags arrived. After going on board and seeing our luggage stowed away in our cabin, we began to realize the fact that we were fairly in for it, and that it would not do to turn tail. One of the crew, however, seems to have come to a different conclusion with regard to his own case; for, at the last moment, he made an attempt to bolt, but was luckily discovered in time, and compelled to return to his post. As soon as the mail-bags were got on board we left our moorings, and, bidding adieu to the friends who had come to see us off, we steamed slowly and almost noiselessly down the river. The weather soon cleared up, and by the time we got into the Channel it was quite fine. We numbered about 240 passengers, half of them ladies and children. It is almost worth crossing the Atlantic to mix with the variety of people one meets with on board ship. Among the passengers were Dr. Duggan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago; Madame Parepa and a troupe of Italian opera singers; an English family of six or seven persons, on their way to New Zealand, 3 *viâ* Panama; Canadian farmers; Americans of every type and pattern; 'cute-looking, inquisitive Yankees from Connecticut, and others whose quiet, reserved manners betokened their Southern “proclivities,” and perhaps their consciousness of a ruined cause; a whole school of young ladies, returning with their governess from the Continent; a host of German Jews, and a fair sprinkling of foreigners of all sorts; and, lastly, a select party of ladies of sable complexion, who kept very much to themselves. Being fond of machinery, I soon found my way to the engine-room, and spent an hour very pleasantly with the presiding deity of that department. You must know that the screw and the paddle represent rival creeds in the science of steam navigation, and that the screw, as might be expected, is gaining ground in the eyes of shipowners, if not of the public. The great advantage it possesses is that of economy. The Java, for instance, a ship of 2,700 tons, burns from 70 to 80 tons of coals a day; the Scotia, one of 3,500 tons, consumes no less than from 150 to 160 tons a day. The screw steamer is likewise said to be a better sailer than her rival, B 2 4 and to stand a better chance in case of a break down in her engines. On the other hand, the screw steamer labours under several disadvantages from which the paddle-wheel is exempt. If the screw breaks it is apt

to foul the rudder, and the ship then becomes helpless. It is also more given to rolling in a seaway, and is consequently far less popular with the majority of passengers. In case of meeting with icebergs, it is more difficult to back; though, as icebergs are only dangerous in a fog, the additional chances in favour of the paddle are probably not very great. These are some of the pros and cons. of this vexed question. The scientific part of the argument I leave to others; the popular side of it, which concerns the comfort of passengers, I hope to understand better after my return voyage. We had a splendid sail down the Channel, and thought; how jolly it would be if the weather should continue like this the whole way. It was late in the evening when we turned in, and when we awoke next morning we found ourselves in Queenstown harbour.

Our hopes of a smooth passage were, alas! soon 5 dispelled. It was raining and blowing hard when we came on deck, and the sailors were employed in making all snug aloft. This did not look pleasant. At 4 p.m. the mails came on board, and we immediately steamed out of harbour, the wind right in our teeth. Dinner was served in the saloon, but in a few minutes the company began to look grave, and presently there was a general flight. John and I were among the first to knock under, and to seek refuge in the shades below, whence we did not emerge for three days. The gale lasted thirty-six hours, and during Sunday night we lost one of our boats, and had ample experience of the Java's rolling propensities. All the nostrums we had brought with us for sea-sickness were tried in vain, as I suspect they ever will be. The best plan is to keep in bed as long as the malady lasts, and, as soon as you are able to get on deck, to strengthen the system with tonics. A mixture of sherry and bitters will be found a most agreeable remedy. The sailors attributed the bad weather to the presence of the Bishop and the musical party, who, it 6 seems, are supposed always to bring bad luck with them on board ship. On Wednesday the weather improved, and we summoned courage to go on deck again. During the rest of the voyage the sea was tolerably smooth; but the wind continued adverse, and we did not make Cape Race till Sunday night. Then we began to get into fogs, and were obliged to keep the steam whistle going while they lasted. The steam whistle makes a low, dull sound, like

some monster of the deep, and can be heard a couple of miles off. After passing Cape Race we got into smooth water and warm weather, and fell in with a shoal of whales, disporting themselves in the Gulf Stream. On the evening of Wednesday, the 19th, about 150 miles from land, we took a pilot on board, and, had the weather been clear, we should have made Sandy Hook by 10 a.m. the following day, but, unfortunately, when we were within a few miles of the shore, the wind veered round to the east, bringing with it a thick fog, which obliged us to slacken speed, and to feel our way very cautiously towards land. Luckily, we fell in with another pilot boat in the afternoon, which told us 7 our bearings, and at 2 p.m. we passed Sandy Hook, a low, narrow tongue of land, which forms a sort of breakwater to the outer bay of New York. The fog, however, still hung about us, and, what was most provoking, prevented us seeing the beauty of New York harbour as we entered it. We got in at last at 6 p.m., and landed in a worse tug, and almost in a worse atmosphere, than those in which we had left Liverpool. New York, you must know, is built on a tongue of land between the Hudson or North River, which flanks it on the left as you approach it from the sea, and the Sound or East River, which flanks it on the right. The Hudson is about a mile wide, the East River less than half that width. On the other side of the Hudson lies the suburb of Jersey City, and on the other side of the East River lies the populous suburb of Brooklyn, almost a desert within the memory of living men, but now containing a population of 300,000 souls. Huge steam ferryboats are perpetually crossing to and fro between the city and its suburbs, and a swarm of active little tugs ply their incessant labours in every part of the harbour. 8 The arrangements for landing the passengers by the Atlantic steamers struck me as uncommonly clumsy, but probably there is no help for it. Instead of being put on shore at New York, you are landed at Jersey City, and cross thence by the ferry to New York itself. This arises, no doubt, from the want of anything like quays at New York, which is quite destitute of accommodation of that kind, and the shores of which are as ragged and untidy as those of Wapping. On landing, we found no well-regulated cabs, as in Liverpool or London, waiting to convey us to our destination, but an array of hackney coaches, whose drivers are willing, for a consideration of five dollars, to carry you half as many miles; so, being warned against the extortionate

practices of these gentry, we made the best of our way on foot to Broadway, where we got into a Fourth Avenue car, and in twenty minutes arrived at the Clarendon Hotel.

LETTER II.

New York, Sept. 26, 1866.

My dear—,

WE intend to leave this on Friday, the 28th, for West Point, on the Hudson, and to proceed the following day to Albany, where we are to spend Sunday with Mr. Pruyn, one of the most influential people in that place. We shall then go on to Niagara, stopping to see Trenton Falls on the way. After spending two or three days at Niagara, we propose to go on to Toronto, and thence to Kingston, and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec—making an excursion, if time permits, to Ottawa, on the way. We shall endeavour, if possible, to see the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, on our way back from Quebec; but, should the season be too far advanced for that, we shall return to Montreal, and thence travel by Lake Champlain and the Connecticut Valley to Boston. We expect to 10 get back to New York by the end of October, and to rest here for a day or two before starting for the West, which, I trust, will by that time be free from cholera. So much for our travelling arrangements for the next month.

We have been busy enough, as you may suppose, since we arrived here, and have seen most of the lions of the place. Our first visit was to the tower of Trinity Church, at the bottom of Broadway, in order to get a bird's-eye view of the city. The church itself is a very handsome building, in the perpendicular style, and will accommodate nearly 2,000 people. It is built of brown sandstone, and has a tower and spire nearly 300 feet high. It is very richly endowed, a blessing which it owes to Queen Anne, and is the mother of a large family of Episcopal churches, both in New York and in other parts of this continent. Its wealth excites the cupidity of rival communities, who would fain participate in its good things; but it wisely avoids the peril to which a plethora of riches would expose it, by

spending its income as fast as it gets it, both in the maintenance of its own religious services 11 and in founding other churches; by these means it has hitherto managed to escape the clutches of the spoiler. The service (choral) is well performed, and the American Prayerbook is, in some respects, I think, an improvement upon our own. It was arranged in its present form in 1789, and the Church appears to be as jealous of any further alteration in it as our Bishops are of any change in our own. Although the building is so large, the preacher has no difficulty in making himself heard in every corner of it. At the back of the pulpit is a sounding-board, in the form of a paraboloid, placed at such a distance from the pulpit that the preacher's voice is in its focus, and can be heard in a whisper at the farthest corner of the church. Dr. Vinton, one of the clergy, was good enough to explain to me the principle of this contrivance, and to give me an opportunity of testing it from the pulpit myself. The view from the tower extends all over the bay and its surrounding shores on one side, and a long way up the Hudson and the Sound on the other; but chiefly reveals the fact that the roofs of the houses in New York are nearly flat. 12 The city is singularly destitute of fine public buildings, or other striking architectural features. It is the vast size of the “stores” and hotels, and the beauty of the streets in the more fashionable quarters, that constitute its chief merits. The city is built on an island, called Manhattan, about seven or eight miles long, by two or three wide. It is laid out in “avenues” and streets, which intersect each other at right angles, the avenues forming the longer, and the streets the shorter axis. Of these, Fifth Avenue is by far the finest; it extends from the centre of the city to the “Central Park,” and is the most aristocratic quarter in New York. It contains the principal clubs and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the latest of those enormous caravansaries of which Astor House, in Broadway, was the first, and destined to be succeeded by others still vaster and more imposing. The private houses, as in all the best streets in New York, have a half-sunk basement, with a flight of ten or twelve steps up to the front door. This causes them, of course, to be well set back from the pavement, a great improvement upon our ordinary 13 low-level system in London. They are built either of bright, red brick, relieved with green shutters, or of brown sandstone or white marble. The general appearance of the streets is remarkably bright and cheerful,

and there is no smoke. To this agreeable picture, however, there are some drawbacks. The streets, as a general rule, are execrably paved, and there are no cabs. The bad paving is laid at the door of the Corporation, which enjoys the worst possible reputation, and is charged with every species of jobbery and rascality. The want of cabs is a great nuisance, though the inconvenience is less felt here than it would be in London, where the streets are too narrow and the traffic too great to admit of tramways and street cars. These latter monopolize the passenger traffic of most of the streets, but Fifth Avenue and Broadway are at present exempt from them. The “Central Park,” which may some day deserve that name, though at present quite at the extremity of the city, somewhat resembles the Bois de Boulogne, but is even more beautifully laid-out. It is a wild, rocky district, of about 900 acres, and contains a 14 beautiful lake and many miles of walks and carriage drives.

The Roman Catholics, who outnumber any other religious denomination in New York, are building a cathedral of white marble in Fifth Avenue, and possess several religious establishments in that neighbourhood. The “avenues” which lie west of the Fifth, *i.e.* , towards the Hudson, are by no means handsome, and the banks of the river are covered with timber wharves, like the south side of the Thames.

On Saturday we went to Staten Island, and drove up to Mr. Duncan's house, which is plain, but well situate, and commands a magnificent view of the bay. The road to it is very bad. The view of the bay reminded me somewhat of Plymouth Sound, on a larger scale, Staten Island representing Mount Edgecumbe.

On Monday we visited the public “institutions” for which New York is celebrated. These are situate on several islands in the East River or Sound. On “Randall's Island” we saw the Institution for Foundlings and Destitute Children, who 15 are kept there till the age of twelve, and are then sent off to the West. By far the larger proportion is Irish. Many of the children come in diseased, and are kept apart from the others till they are cured. The nurseries, schoolrooms, and dormitories are all beautifully clean. All the buildings have

open galleries running round them, like some of our model lodging-houses, only wider and more convenient. Another building was set apart for the reception of infants deserted by their mothers, who are brought up by hand, but of whom 80 per cent. die.

We next visited the Lunatic Asylum, which appears to be very well managed. The idiots are kept in separate buildings. We saw one idiot with the smallest head ever known; a cast of it has been taken. We next visited one of the workhouses for decayed and infirm people. The workhouse system in America is somewhat like our own, and each State is bound to maintain its own poor. A year's residence in a State confers a settlement; and persons who become chargeable to a State in which they have not acquired a settlement are removeable 16 to their own State. A discretionary power of giving out-door relief to deserving poor is lodged in the administrators of the Poor Law. We next visited the “Penitentiary”—a prison of very forbidding appearance, where criminals convicted of minor offences are imprisoned, for periods ranging from six months to two years. The sentences appeared to me to be severer, in proportion to the offence, than in England. The internal arrangements of the prison resemble those of Portland.

We, lastly, visited the new hospital, called Charity Hospital, one of the finest, in all respects, I have ever seen. It accommodates from 1,000 to 1,200 patients, in wards containing 30 each. Many of the wards have upper and lower windows, which appears to me the best arrangement, both for ventilation and warmth. On landing again at New York we went over the Old Hospital, which only serves as a foil to the new one. A very large asylum is about to be built in the neighbourhood of the other institutions, for the treatment of drunkards, or “inebriates,” as they are called, and there is no doubt it will be well filled. There is an 17 institution of this kind, on a smaller scale, already at work, with great success.

Our worthy guide and chaperon, Mr. B—, was full of the abuses perpetrated by the New York Corporation, who contrive to spend $17,000,000 of public money every year, in all sorts of jobbery and corruption. Universal suffrage, he said, certainly did not answer in

municipal affairs. But I must break off for the present, and resume the thread of my story to-morrow. I will only add a word or two about the manners and customs of the natives. The Americans are early risers, and our breakfast table is pretty well filled by 8 o'clock. The bill of fare is truly sumptuous, and receives ample justice at the hands of the guests. Oysters, fried or stewed; beefsteaks and mutton chops; kidneys and hashes of various kinds; omelettes; eggs, boiled, poached, or “jobbled;” tomatoes, in various forms; hominy, boiled or fried; breadstuffs, and “corn” cakes of all sorts form the staple of this important meal. Among the company now staying at this hotel is Mr. Hoffmann, late Mayor of New York, and at present the Democratic candidate C 18 for the Governorship of the State. We compared notes about the relative expenses of election in England and America. Mr. Hoffmann mentioned the case of a candidate whose election had cost him $65,000, a sum equal to £10,000, and spoke strongly about the evils of the short tenure of office and the demoralizing effect of the frequent elections, which I entirely believe. By the way, let me observe that New York is not pronounced in full, as it is spelt, but somewhat elliptically, thus— N'York. It is not so easy to catch this as it seems; but it is a kind of shibboleth which distinguishes Brother Jonathan from John Bull, and it deserves to be noticed.

On Tuesday we went with Col. R— to the races at Jer#me Park, about twelve miles out of town. Splendid day, and a pleasant drive through a pretty country, studded with villas. The course has been laid out, at great expense, by Mr. Jer#me, the proprietor of the land, and presented to the Jockey Club. It is only about a third of a mile in length, and has, therefore, been laid out in a 19 double line, with large loops or bows at each end, so as to make a circuit of one mile. It is not turfed, but carefully levelled, and covered with light soil. A very handsome stand has been erected, capable of holding 8,000 or 9,000 persons, the centre being reserved for members of the Club and their families, who formed the élite of the company present. There was no appearance of social equality there. The great race of the day was a four-mile heat, which was twice run over, and won by a very fine horse, named “Kentucky.” The first heat was run in 7 minutes, 48 seconds; the second in 7 minutes, 41

seconds. The meeting was, altogether, a fashionable gathering, but somewhat tame, after Epsom or Ascot.

Of course we made acquaintance with a good many celebrities, including Mr. Jer#me himself, General Grant, Mr. Thurlow Weed, Mr. Raymond, of the New York Times, and Mr. Bennett, jun., the owner of the Henrietta. I gathered, from what I heard on all sides, that the present election was simply a contest for power, and that the Negro Suffrage Question was merely C2 20 used as a *cheval de bataille.* The Constitutional Amendment, however, seems fair enough in principle, as it applies equally to all male citizens who are at present excluded from the franchise. Its object, however, is not so much to enfranchise the negro, whom none but a few enthusiasts consider fit for the suffrage at present, as to keep down the South, by diminishing its weight and influence in Congress. On our way home, through the Central Park, we saw numerous specimens of those fast-trotting equipages for which the New Yorkers are famous. Their carriages, of all descriptions, are lighter than ours, but their “wagons,” as they are called, bear about the same relation to an English gig that an outrigger does to an old-fashioned wherry. In the evening we dined at Delmonico's, the chief restaurant, and afterwards went to the Olympic, to see Rip Van Winkle; a very pretty house, well-lighted and ventilated, but without a chandelier in the ceiling. Wallack's is smaller, but even more tastefully decorated.

On Wednesday we went early to the house of Mr. Washington Murray, in East Twelfth-street, 21 and thence with him to the Boys' School in the Ward, of which he is the principal manager. The whole of the boys, 900 in number, assembled at 9; a few verses in the Bible were read, and the Lord's Prayer; after which Mr. Murray delivered a short address to the boys, and invited me to “say a few words” to them also. This penalty, I find, is always exacted of visitors, and is somewhat oppressive, when too often inflicted. However, I paid it to the best of my ability, and the boys then filed off to their respective class rooms. The great majority appeared to belong to the lower orders, but there was a fair sprinkling of well-dressed boys among them. We afterwards visited the primary school for younger children, who were put through their paces by the schoolmistress. These exercises consist

of singing, whistling, and various motions of the hands and arms. The children seemed to enjoy them immensely, and the effect was quite magical. The schools are supported out of the city taxes, levied upon real and personal property. In the evening we met General Grant at dinner, and had a good deal of conversation with him about the 22 war. The General is a square-built, determined looking man, rather below the middle size, and is very quiet and reserved in his manner. He conversed, however, freely about the war, and spoke in high terms of the military genius of General Sheridan. The party broke up early to go to the French Theatre, to hear Ristori, who is all the rage here just now.

The next morning we went again with Mr. Murray to see the Girls' Schools, in Twelfth-street, and spent two hours in them. In the first room there were about 250 girls, from twelve to seventeen years of age; in the second, about 400; in the third, a great number of little ones. The teachers appeared to be of a very superior class; but I was not so favourably impressed with the acquirements of the pupils, so far as I had the means of judging. In the history class there was no textbook of any kind; nothing but a sort of historical catechism, of the most superficial character. I repeatedly asked if no textbook was used, and was distinctly answered in the negative. The order and discipline maintained in the school were the most striking part 23 of the system. The teachers, who are all females, both in the boys' and in the girls' schools, are not educated in training schools in New York, though they are in some other States, but are subjected to an examination by the Board of Management before they are permitted to teach. This is a very different affair, however, from the examination to which teachers are subjected in England before they can obtain a certificate, and is intended only to satisfy the *managers* as to the competence of the teachers they employ.

On the whole, my week's sojourn in New York has impressed me very much with the astonishing vigour and energy of the people. There is an *intensity* in the expression of their countenances which I have never observed in those of other people. It is almost impossible to believe that the vast accumulation of wealth and prosperity which you see around you is the growth of little more than half a century. Should they go on improving at

the same rate, I am afraid they will beat us in most things by the end of the century. They are becoming every year more cultivated, and are improving in 24 taste and the love of art. Everything at present is enormously dear. It costs less to have a suit of clothes made in London, and sent across the Atlantic, paying an exorbitant duty into the bargain, than to be fitted out by a New York tailor; so at least several of my friends, who have tried it, assure me. Wine is almost a forbidden luxury. Champagne costs about 15s. a bottle; sherry, with any pretensions to quality, from 15s. to 30s.; Madeira, from 20s. to 45s. The wonder is that any one can be found to pay such prices; but a Yankee will have what he wants, if he spends his last shilling in getting it. Fortunes are soon made, and soon spent; and a Yankee speculator has as many lives as a cat.

Nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality we have met with in every quarter, and I have nowhere observed the smallest trace of that unfriendly spirit towards England which too many of our countrymen suppose to be the normal condition of the American mind. We begin our real journey to-morrow.

25

LETTER III.

Toronto, Oct. 6, 1866.

My dear—,

OUR week's tour has been a most delightful one—beginning with the Hudson, and ending with Niagara, from which we parted with great reluctance this morning.

We left New York on the 28th ult. by one of the gigantic steamboats which ply on the Hudson, and in three hours reached West Point, 52 miles up the river. The scenery is very beautiful the whole way, the cliffs in some places rising to the height of 400 or 500 feet, and the banks in other parts being studded with gentlemen's seats, rich woods, and smiling villages. The most striking part of the river is for about five miles above and

below West Point, where it expands into beautiful bays, which afford a pleasing variety of scenery. For that distance, I think it superior to any part of the 26 Rhine. We put up at Cozzens' Hotel—a gigantic establishment, making up between 400 and 500 beds, but at present nearly empty, as the season terminates about the middle of September. Among the company we were fortunate enough to scrape acquaintance with a very gentlemanly and well-informed American officer, who walked with us to West Point, to see the cadets drilled. The situation of the Academy is very beautiful, and commands a splendid view up the river. We could distinctly see the Katskills, between forty and fifty miles off. Our friend told us that the appointments to the Academy, which are in the hands of the President and the Members of Congress, are generally jobbed, either for political or family purposes, and that many of the cadets were being instructed in the higher branches of mathematics before they could either spell correctly or write grammatically. His opinion of the *morale* of the Southerners was very low. Their chief occupation, he said, before the war, was smoking and swearing; but he admitted they made excellent soldiers, with more dash, though with less discipline, than the Northerners.

27

The next morning we walked a couple of miles along the road in the opposite direction to West Point, through some beautiful woodland scenery, the foliage just beginning to put on its autumnal tints. Found several varieties of oak, which are new to me, though I have no doubt they would grow in England. We left Cozzens' Hotel at 10.30, and arrived at Albany, about ninety-five miles distant, at 4.45. The scenery was pretty enough, but less striking than that of the previous day. The Katskills, which lie on the right bank, *i.e.* , the left-hand side, going up the river, are too far off to produce much effect, though their outline is graceful, and their height considerable. They form, however, one of the favourite summer haunts of the New Yorkers, and contain some beautiful scenery.

We found our hospitable friend, Mr. Pruyn (pronounced Pryne), waiting to receive us on the quay at Albany, and immediately proceeded to lionize the St. John steamer, the finest night boat on the Hudson, and one of the most sumptuous river palaces afloat. The

saloon is between 300 and 400 28 feet long, fitted up with two tiers of state cabins, some of them containing full-sized beds. This boat, which will accommodate 700 passengers, draws only five feet of water, and goes at the rate of twenty miles an hour. We found Mr. Pruyn's house extremely comfortable, and most tastefully fitted up. The shutters and windows in our room were made to slide into the wall, an arrangement which struck me as an improvement both upon casements and sashes, and which I would commend to the notice of English architects. I am told it is quite a “Yankee notion,” and getting more and more into fashion. Mr. Pruyn told me of a case in which it was applied to every door and window in the house. At dinner we met several Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, and other distinguished members of the Bar. They all deprecated the existing system of judicial appointments, and expressed a hope that they might cease to be elective, and again become nominative, as in former times. Mr. Pruyn also confirmed what Mr. Hoffman had told me in New York, about the “gerrymandering” system, as it is called, of altering the electoral 29 districts, from time to time, to suit the political purposes of the party in power, and spoke of the evil which is often occasioned. He instanced the case of Albany itself, to which a new district had lately been added, for political reasons. This had led to a compact between the two parties, that each should alternately nominate a member to Congress, the consequence of which was that neither could return a member twice in succession; and, as each Session of Congress only lasts two years, a member had hardly time to get warm in his seat before he lost it.

On Sunday we drove out to the Shaker Settlement, about eight miles off, to see their service, which is certainly an extraordinary performance. The congregation consisted of about 100 persons, of whom about sixty were women, mostly old; the men, too, were generally advanced in years, though there were a few young lads. The church is a large, square room, fitted up with a spacious gallery at one end, for the accommodation of spectators. The service consisted chiefly of a sort of solemn country dance or quadrille, to the tune of a 30 monotonous hymn or chant, sung or said by the performers in the ceremony. The men took off their coats and hung them up on the walls before

commencing this exercise. The ladies did not appear to suffer so much from the heat, and “worshipped” in their usual garments. Sometimes the performance was varied by a kind of “circular” dance, composed of a double ring of worshippers, rotating in opposite directions. This was the most theatrical, or ritualistic, part of the business. Between these religious “exercises,” one of the elders came forward, and delivered an address, chiefly intended for the unbelieving “world,” which had come to look on; in which he spoke of the Society having separated itself from the world, and having renounced all selfish and carnal lusts; and exhorted all who felt that they could not obtain peace of mind in the “generative” state, to come out of it, and join the “regenerative.” The service ended with more singing and promenading, and, except for occasional allusions to “Mother Ann,” the founder of the Society, whom these fanatics invest with superhuman attributes, there 31 was nothing so very heretical about it. The men and women sat apart from each other, and, except when performing their circular manoeuvres, occupied different sides of the room. The community bears a very good character for industry and morality. In the afternoon we attended service at the Episcopal Church, which contains some good stained glass and the celebrated monument to Mrs. Wilson—a tablet representing faith contemplating a cross. It has been photographed, and is much admired in England.

Albany is a town of 80,000 inhabitants, and contains few lions beside the Capitol, which is about to be rebuilt, and two large Roman Catholic churches. The Library, in the Capitol, is a handsome room, and contains some interesting documents—among others, the letter of the traitor Arnold, found in the boot of Major André when he was captured; also the pass given him by Arnold; and a clever pen-and-ink likeness of André, done by himself the night before his execution. At the bottom of the hill on which the town stands is the house of General Van Rensslaer, the oldest and 32 largest in Albany. The family formerly owned immense estates round Albany, which they have gradually contrived to lose, through the neglect or mismanagement of former proprietors. The house is said to be one of the oldest in the State, and is built in the style of Vanburgh.

Outside the town is the Penitentiary—a model prison, belonging to Albany, but used for the reception of convicts belonging to the State of New York. It contains about 500 prisoners, and is entirely self-supporting. The convicts, a large number of whom are blacks, are employed in shoe-making for a New York firm, which supplies the leather and machinery, the establishment only finding the labour. About 370 of the whole number are thus employed, and they greatly prefer it to being idle. Three sentries, armed with Spencer rifles, guard the walls. The internal arrangements resemble those of the prison at Portland. Here I must leave off for the present.

We left Albany at 5 p.m., and arrived at Utica at 9.30. This was our first introduction to American railway cars. We found them better than we 33 expected; very superior to second-class carriages on our own railways, though not equal to our first-class. Each car holds about fifty passengers. A gangway runs up the middle of the car, with transverse benches on each side, like open seats in a church, with room for two passengers in each. There is a door at each end of the car, and you can walk from one car to another the whole length of the train. This, I have no doubt, is found convenient at times, when you happen to meet with disagreeable company. On this occasion there was near being a fight between two of our fellow-travellers, a Southerner and a Yankee, who came to very high words, and would have come to blows, had not a female deity interposed. The road to Utica runs through the Mohawk Valley, and appears to be very pretty, though we only saw it by moonlight. Stopped at Baggs' Hotel—a large, comfortless house.

Next morning we went over the Lunatic Asylum, about a mile out of the town. It is a large, handsome building, and will accommodate 600 patients; too many by half, in the opinion of Dr. Gray, the D 34 medical superintendent. The rooms are unusually good, and the whole building is thoroughly ventilated by means of a large fan, worked by steam, which at every revolution throws 1,000 feet of air into the basement, from which it is carried by shafts into passages in the walls, heated by hot water, and running all over the building. About 400 patients are discharged every year.

We then went by rail to Trenton Falls, about seventeen miles from Utica. Found the principal hotel shut up, as the season was over, and were obliged to take refuge in a sort of “dependence,” where we found but moderate accommodation. The falls are extremely picturesque—more like the falls of the Clyde than any others I am acquainted with, and consist of a series of five or six cascades, extending over a mile or more in length. You walk alongside the river the whole way, on a kind of rocky shelf, which is dry in ordinary weather, and enables you to get quite close to the falls. I have seldom seen a more charming place to spend a few days at. We returned through the woods, which were arrayed in all the glory of their 35 autumnal tints. The glowing hues of the maple and the scarlet oak were tempered by the sombre green of the arbor vitæ, which grows in great profusion here, and forms a beautiful underwood. The hemlock spruce grows here to the height of 100 feet, and is the only fir of any size that we have seen. We returned to Utica the next morning, and proceeded to Niagara, *viâ* Syracuse and Rochester, catching a glimpse of the Falls of the Genesee at the latter place. There is a very good alternative route from Syracuse to Rochester, by Geneva and Canandaigua, which I would advise any one to take who could spare an extra day or two for it, as it is said to exhibit some very pretty lake scenery. We were sorry that our own arrangements compelled us to take the shorter route, by which we arrived at Niagara the same night, and took up our quarters at the Clifton House, on the Canadian side. The road between Syracuse and Niagara presents no great attractions in the way of scenery; but there is something very cheerful about the young American towns which you traverse on the way, with their trim, wooden houses, painted white, D2 36 with green Venetian shutters outside, and generally a row of trees in front. As for the people, there is an unmistakeable look of energy and “go” about them; but one misses the placid, contented, though sometimes stolid look of Mr. Bull, which certainly makes him look happier, whether he is so or not. The officials are brusque and disagreeable in their manner, but the people generally are civil enough, and remarkably well-behaved, so far as I have seen. It strikes me, however, that American civility wants the refinement one often sees in people of the same class in England.

Well, now about Niagara. I was *not* disappointed with the first view of the falls, as so many people profess to have been; on the contrary, the effect was something like that produced by the first view of the interior of St. Peter's; where, though you feel that you cannot take it all in at once, you are nevertheless sensible that it is by far the grandest thing of the kind you have ever seen. Of course, I am not comparing the two; but Niagara is to other waterfalls what St. Peter's is to the smallest church in Rome. The American 37 fall alone, if divided into a dozen parts, would probably be larger than any waterfall in Switzerland, except the fall of the Rhine; and the American fall is not above half the size of the Canadian or Horseshoe Fall. The exquisite beauty of the scene, however, is even more striking than its vast scale; and this remark applies particularly to the sound, which is by no means overpowering, though the vibration of the air shakes every window in the hotel. There is nothing noisy or tumultuous about it; but something exquisitely soothing —one might almost say musical. It is deep, solemn, and majestic, yet soft; and reminds one of the sublime description in the Revelations of Him whose “voice was as the sound of many waters.”

After a long gaze at this glorious scene, we walked down to the Suspension Bridge—a light and beautiful structure, spanning the chasm about a mile and a half below the falls. From this you look down upon the Rapids; but, in order to get a just idea of them, you must descend the cliff by a staircase, which conducts you to the very edge, and a more terrific display of water power you can 38 hardly imagine. The river, pent up in a rocky channel far too narrow for its volume, heaves and tosses in a frightful manner, and rushes through the gorge at a pace reckoned at not less than thirty miles an hour. How any one who had seen these Rapids close could think of “shooting” them in a vessel of any description, passes my comprehension; yet this feat was actually accomplished a few years ago by the skipper of a small steamer, called the Maid of the Mist, which used to ply across the river, at the foot of the falls, who adopted this desperate expedient as the only means of saving his vessel from the hands of the sheriff's officers, who were going to seize it. Accordingly, he got up his steam one morning, and, without disclosing his intentions to

his engineer or mate, put the vessel's head down the stream, and made deliberately for the Rapids. Once committed, there was no time to change his mind, and in a couple of minutes more the danger was passed. The vessel, which was built as strong as wood and iron could make her, was nearly knocked to pieces, and the captain never recovered the shock which his nervous system sustained, 39 but died eighteen months afterwards; the engineer and mate, however, are living, and the little “Maid of the Mist” is now plying on the St. Lawrence, far away from the scene of her perilous adventure.

The “Whirlpool” is about half a mile below the Rapids, at a point where the river makes a sudden bend to the right, almost at right angles to its former course. I account for its formation on this wise:—In the Rapids the middle of the river is actually pushed up to the height of nine or ten feet above the sides, and, on reaching a sort of bay opposite the bend described above, it naturally endeavours to settle down again to a uniform level. This of course occasions a great rush of water downwards, and produces the whirlpool, which, though formidable enough to small craft, probably only goes a few feet below the surface, the river at this point being 150 feet deep. We walked back to Niagara by the American side of the river, and crossed it by the ferry at the foot of the falls. The passage is as safe and easy as that of the Rhine below the falls at Schaffhausen; but one looks 40 rather anxiously at the boat the first time, to see that the oars are properly secured, as it would be no joke losing one in such a voyage. The view of the American fall from this point is amazingly grand, and the effect, when the sun shines upon that vast, white, tumbling curtain, is perfectly dazzling. In the afternoon we went to the Table Rock, and performed the stupid and useless ceremony of dressing up in waterproof clothing to go under the falls. This is not the “Cave of the Winds,” where one really does go under the falls, but it is a mere trap to catch flats, and a costly one too, for the rascals who decoy you into it charge a dollar and a-half for the loan of their filthy dresses. Added to this, there is a museum, which you are invited to see, for which the payment of half a dollar a head is exacted—not on going in, but on coming out. The whole concern is a gross imposition. In the evening had a long talk with a Canadian gentleman, who held an official position,

about Canada and its probable future relations with England. He seemed to think that as soon as the Yankees had paid off their debt, 41 which they expect to do in ten or fifteen years, it was not unlikely that Canada would be willing to join them. At present, he said, all real property in Canada was terribly depreciated. He spoke with emphasis about the folly of attempting to make Ottawa the capital.

The next day we lionized Goat's Island, which lies between the falls, and commands the nearest view of them. It is a sight never to be forgotten, and the only one I know which thoroughly satisfies the mind. It possesses all the elements of sublimity, especially that of *power* , which mountains seem to want. A glacier comes nearest; it is the type of power in repose, while Niagara is that of power in motion. In the afternoon we drove to Lundy Lane, the scene of a bloody fight between the Yankees and the British troops in 1812, and went up a tower, from which we could see Lake Erie; thence we drove to General Brock's Monument, near Queenstown, which commands a fine view of Lake Ontario. Country very flat, and land of middling quality.

This morning we took a last, long gaze at 42 Niagara, and left at 9 a.m. for Queenstown, where we went on board the Toronto steamer. The boat first took us up the river as far as Lewistown, to embark passengers, and then back to Queenstown, where we had to wait an hour for a troop of cavalry—the Governor-General's bodyguard—who embarked with their horses. Queenstown is at the mouth of the Niagara river, where it falls into the lake. We arrived at Toronto at 4 p.m., and took up our quarters at the Queen's Hotel—a very comfortable house. Toronto has an excellent harbour, formed by a natural breakwater, about two miles off, which completely shelters it from southerly winds. The town is about as dull and uninteresting a place as I ever saw, with none of the bustle and activity one sees in American towns. It has some good shops, nevertheless, especially for agricultural implements of all sorts. We stay here tomorrow, and start for Kingston on Monday.

LETTER IV.

Montreal, Oct. 17, 1866.

My dear—,

ONE day at Toronto, and that Sunday, was as much as we cared to devote to the capital of Upper Canada; especially as the Chief Justice, to whom we had letters of introduction, was on circuit, and was not expected home for several days. The Cathedral service was well attended, and the appearance of the congregation was decidedly more English than on the other side of the border. Dr. Strahan, the venerable Bishop of the diocess, whose voice, at the age of ninety, seemed to have lost none of its power, took part in the service. He has resided in Toronto almost since its foundation, and is said to have saved it, by his presence of mind, from being destroyed by the Yankees in 1812. We left Toronto on the 8th, and arrived at Kingston, after a tedious journey, the same afternoon. There 44 is nothing to see on the way. Port Hope is the only place that relieves the journey from the character of absolute dreariness. It is really a pretty spot, and may become a place of importance at some future time. Generally speaking, however, the scenery along this route is most uninteresting, the land bad, the cottages mere hovels (as bad as any in Ireland), and the farms few and far between. Kingston is a fitting termination to the day's journey. Of all the dull places I have ever seen, it is the dullest; and nothing but the presence of the garrison keeps it alive. It has a big market-place, but I could see nothing to buy there but apples. We were uncommonly glad to leave it the next morning, soon after daybreak, by the steamer for Montreal. Owing to a fog the previous night and an unusually heavy freight, the boat was two hours late, a circumstance much to be regretted, as it lost us a treat to which we had been looking forward with much interest—the sight of the Lachine Rapids, near Montreal, and the pleasure of “shooting” them. The whole voyage, however, down the St. Lawrence to Montreal is interesting, and the 45 scenery of the Thousand Islands extremely pretty, though without any pretension to grandeur—the islands, like the banks of the river itself, being of too uniform a level to deserve that title. Amongst the company on board was Chief Justice Draper, whose acquaintance we had the pleasure

of making. He spoke strongly in favour of the Confederation schemes, but thought it a mistake to allow the provinces to retain their separate governments. Our tranquillity was very much disturbed during the greater part of the day by a knot of polemics, who kept up an eager controversy, embracing the whole range of theology, for six mortal hours. The pangs of hunger compelled them to suspend their discussion for a short season at dinner time; but, the demands of nature being satisfied, they went at it again with increased energy till tea time. About that period of the evening a young lady tried to silence them with the piano; but it was of no use; she might as well have tried to silence Niagara. Had Convocation itself been on board, the din could hardly have been greater. We passed the “Grand Sault” Rapids between 4 and 5 p.m., but 46 were too late for the “Lachine;” and were obliged to proceed to Montreal by the ignominious route of the canal, and did not arrive there till 7 a.m. the next day.

Montreal is a handsome, well-built, flourishing city, and is evidently destined to be the metropolis of Canada. We put up at the St. Lawrence Hotel—an establishment which almost vies in capacity with those of New York. Both in Canada and in the States the hotels are generally conducted on the boarding-house principle; and you are charged so much a day, whether you take your meals in the hotel or not. Montreal lies on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, or, strictly speaking, on an island which extends from the mouth of the Ottawa river, a few miles above the town, to a point a few miles below it. It is backed by a hill, 400 or 500 feet high, called “The Mountain,” which forms a striking feature in the, landscape, and affords admirable sites for the residences of the wealthier inhabitants. The most conspicuous of these belongs to Mr. Allen. who has made a large fortune by the Canadian line of steamers. The “Mountain” is covered with 47 forest; and in one of its hollows lies the cemetery, a beautiful and sequestered spot, too soon to be defaced by the ruthless hand of the monumental architect. The “Victoria Bridge,” which carries the Grand Trunk Railway across the St. Lawrence, is the chief lion of Montreal, but has nothing but its utility to recommend it. It is about as ugly a structure as I know. Montreal is remarkable for the number of its churches, some of them with considerable pretensions to architectural

merit. Amongst these the new Protestant Cathedral is conspicuous, and would rank with the best of the modern churches in England. The population, however, is chiefly Roman Catholic; and the Cathedral, which stands in the older part of the town, is said to be the largest, as I think it must be the ugliest, on this side the Atlantic.

On our return to the hotel we found Mr. Rose's son, who had come, in his father's absence, to offer us the hospitalities of his house. We went with him to see a saw manufactory, the manager of which told us that he had emigrated from Sheffield about fifteen years ago, in consequence of the tyranny of 48 the trades unions, and was now earning $10 a day, besides a share in the profits of the business. We dined with Mr. Rose's family that day, and accepted an invitation to spend a day or two with them on our return from Quebec. The next day we spent at Montreal, where John found several of his old Eton schoolfellows among the officers of the Rifle Brigade. We also fell in with Mr. F —, one of our fellow-passengers in the Java, who told us that another of our party had perished in the “Evening Star,” which foundered, with nearly 300 souls on board, between New York and New Orleans.

On Friday afternoon we left Montreal for Quebec, in the “Quebec” steamer—a magnificent vessel, almost equal to the steamers on the Hudson. Nothing can be more easy and pleasant than this voyage. You leave Montreal or Quebec at 5 or 6 in the evening, and arrive the next morning in time for breakfast, the distance being 160 miles. On our arrival at Quebec we drove to Spencer Wood, the Governor-General's place, about three miles from the town. It is a beautiful spot, not far 49 from “Wolfe's Cove.” After breakfast we drove with Captain Pemberton to the Falls of Montmorenci, about seven miles on the other side of Quebec. They are very beautiful, and somewhat resemble the Falls of Terni; walked thence to the “Natural Steps,” which are simply ledges of rock, worn away by the action of the torrent in the chasm above the falls, through which it flows. The scenery is very like that of the Dhruim, near Beauly, in Scotland. As we were leaving the spot John descried a sheep standing in the water, on a narrow ledge under a rock, which completely overhung it. The poor creature must have fallen into the stream above, and have swum

down to this ledge, where there was barely room for it to stand. After some fruitless attempts to extricate it ourselves, we sent for a rope and two or three labourers, and at last succeeded in getting a noose over its head, and dragging it down the stream to a landing place, where we easily pulled it out. We lunched at the Club at Quebec, and walked home to Spencer's Wood.

At breakfast next morning we heard loud reports, E 50 like the firing of guns at the Citadel, and wondered what it could mean. On our way to church we learnt that a terrible fire had broken out that morning at Quebec, and that the explosions we had heard were caused by the blowing up of a number of houses, with the view of checking the conflagration. We saw, at the same time, immense volumes of smoke rolling in our direction, and almost darkening the sky. After church we went down to the spot, and found the whole of the suburb of St. Roch, on the north-east side of the town, in a blaze. The whole of this area, which was yesterday covered with houses, seemed to vomit forth flames, like the “Black Country” about Birmingham at night; only the flames, instead of issuing from the chimneys, spread over the whole surface of the ground, which was covered with a heap of blazing ruins, in the midst of which the chimneys stood up, like blackened sign-posts, to mark the spots where the houses had stood. The fire broke out about 5 a.m., and is said to have originated in a drinking shop. The houses were nearly all of wood, and burnt like matches; but one or two large churches 51 and several good stone houses were involved in the common ruin. In the course of twelve hours about 2,500 houses were destroyed, and 20,000 people left homeless. The heights which overlooked this scene of destruction were thronged with multitudes of people, who seemed to take the whole affair as a matter of course. I hardly noticed any signs of lamentation or distress; but all along the hillside, and down in the flat meadows at the extremity of the town, groups of people might be seen huddled together, with such articles of furniture and bedding as they had been able to save, and endeavouring to provide for themselves some kind of shelter for the night. The soldiers and sailors behaved splendidly, and worked from morning till night; but the local firemen did nothing but drink and quarrel, and cut the hose of each other's engines.

No such calamity has occurred in Quebec since 1845; but these great fires seem to be periodical, and so long as the people are allowed to build wooden houses nothing else can be expected.

Next morning we rode out with Captain P—, to see the works at Fort Levis, which axe intended E 2 52 to defend Quebec from the other side of the river. We lunched at the Engineers' Mess, and afterwards rode round the works, which consist of three forts, with connecting road and parapet. The position is undoubtedly a very strong one; but the defences are based upon the presumed command of the river, without which they would be liable to be taken in reverse. I could not help feeling some unpleasant misgivings about the whole affair. The frontiers of Canada are about the most vulnerable in the world, and an American army might overrun the whole country, from Montreal upwards, without troubling itself about Quebec, the only use of which would be to afford our troops a place of shelter on their retreat. The more I see of Canada the more I am convinced that our wisest policy is to make it independent as soon as possible, and leave it to settle its future relations with “The States” as its own interests and the force of circumstances may dictate. Should “The States” split up into separate republics, as many people think they will (though I confess I am not of the number), Canada would, of course, retain her independence; should they 53 remain united, it will probably be the interest of Canada to join them, at no very distant period.

Quebec itself is a dirty old French town, with steep, narrow, crooked streets, and the surrounding country is bleak and uninteresting. The view from the Citadel, however, is very striking, though I by no means agree with some travellers, who consider it the finest in the world.

We returned to Montreal by the night boat, and spent the following day with Mr. Rose, at whose house we met several of the principal inhabitants of the city. The educational system of Canada, as far as I can make out, resembles our own more than that of the United States, and the chief difficulty in working it arises from the conflicting claims of

Protestants and Roman Catholics, who here, as in Ireland, are directly at issue upon this subject.

The weather during the last fortnight has been quite perfect-like the finest autumn weather in England; and one can hardly believe that a month hence the whole country will probably be covered with a sheet of snow, several feet thick, which will last till the end of April. From all I hear, the 54 pleasures of a Canadian winter are more sentimental than real, and those who have spent one winter here are seldom inclined to repeat the experiment. We leave this afternoon for Burlington, on Lake Champlain, and my next letter will be from Boston.

LETTER V.

Boston, Oct. 23, 1866.

My dear—,

WE left Montreal on Wednesday, the 17th, and travelled by rail to Rouse's Point, on Lake Champlain, where we took the steamer for Burlington. There is nothing worthy of notice on the way, and the scenery of the lake is tame, till you reach Burlington, which commands a fine view of the Adirondack Mountains, on the opposite side. Burlington is a great depôt for lumber, of which you see an enormous quantity on the quays, but there is nothing else to see there, and the Hotel is by no means attractive. It was our original intention to have visited Lake George, which is not far from the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, and is, by all accounts, the most beautiful of all the North American lakes; but the American season closes unconscionably early; the steamboats which ply on 56 Lake George had been just taken off, and we found that the expedition would cost us more time than we could afford; so we were compelled, very reluctantly, to give it up. Had our chief object been scenery, we should certainly have spent a week among the White Mountains in New Hampshire, and have done Lake George into the bargain; but as we are anxious to see the principal towns, and also to go as far west as possible, we are obliged to forego much of the best scenery in this part of the country. The route, however, between Burlington

and Springfield, where we ended our next day's journey, is extremely interesting, and the Connecticut Valley, through which we travelled for 84 miles, is justly celebrated for its fertility and beauty. The land along the bottom of the Valley is excellent; the hills on either side are well wooded; the river is broad and clear, and its banks in many parts steep and rocky. Altogether, I have seldom seen a more pleasant or habitable country, and a man could hardly do wrong in pitching his tent anywhere in that neighbourhood. The farms, I was told, average from 200 to 400 acres, but seldom remain 57 more than one generation in the same family, as the children generally disperse after their parents' death, and seek their fortunes in the Far West. You look in vain for gentlemen's seats throughout this favoured region. The time has not yet arrived for such an inroad upon Republican equality in the purely agricultural districts; but the trim, white homesteads, with their orchards and enclosures, which represent the lords of the soil in this happy valley, suggest a thousand pictures of independence and comfort. Near Northampton, seven miles above Springfield, there are two very conspicuous hills, called Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom, both favourite places of resort to holyday-makers, and commanding magnificent views. We arrived at Springfield at dusk, and stopped at the Massasoit House—one of the best in the States.

Springfield is one of the most charming country towns I ever saw. It lies on the left bank of the Connecticut river, and consists of a number of parallel streets or “avenues,” rising one above another on a gentle slope; the lower and principal street being occupied by shops, and the upper ones 58 by private houses—some of wood, some of stone, all with gardens, while the avenues themselves are lined with maple trees, in the full blaze of their autumnal glory. The hotelkeeper, however, complains that people don't stay there; so, I suppose, they don't find enough to do. The chief lion in the place is the United States' Armoury, which contains between 200,000 and 300,000 stand of arms, and a number of workshops for making locks and executing repairs. It is not a gun manufactory, small arms being chiefly made at Boston. We had no difficulty in obtaining a pass, and were allowed to go just where we pleased. The tower, which occupies the centre of the Armoury, commands

a splendid view of the Connecticut Valley. We left in the afternoon for Boston, where we arrived at 5 p.m.

Boston is a very different style of place from New York, and retains much more of its ancestral character. It has an old-fashioned, respectable look about it, quite in keeping with the staid, Puritanical character of its inhabitants; and the sight of a fine park and an old churchyard in the very centre of 59 the town, overshadowed by venerable trees, almost carries one back to mediæval times. The streets are narrow and irregular in the business part of the town—where land is said to command as high prices as it does in the city of London—but in the fashionable quarter they are handsome enough; and the quality of the brickwork appears to me to surpass even that of New York.

The town itself is built partly upon three hills—whence its ancient name, Tremont—and partly upon an island which occupies the east side of the harbour. Of the three hills, Bunker Hill, which lies on the north side, and Beacon Hill, in the centre of the town, are the most remarkable. The former is crowned by a monument, to commemorate the battle that was fought there; and the latter by the State House or Capitol, surmounted by a dome, which forms the most conspicuous object in the city, and commands a magnificent view.

The morning after our arrival we visited the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, about four miles from the town, and a mile beyond Cambridge—the seat of the Harvard University. The walks and avenues 60 of the Cemetery axe beautifully laid out, and are all named after trees or flowers. On the top of the Mount is a tower, which commands a fine view of the environs, which are well wooded and studded with numerous villas. On our way back we stopped at Cambridge, and lionized the University Press, under the auspices of Mr. Welch, the manager, who was also good enough to take us over the University buildings, consisting of a hall, chapel, and library, after the fashion of one of our own colleges. The University educates about a thousand students, and is entirely in the hands of the Unitarians.

The next day being Sunday, we had to hunt for a church, and, after many fruitless inquiries, we were recommended to try the King's Chapel—a small, ancient-looking place, within a stone's throw of our hotel. We found it luxuriously fitted up, but not a quarter full, and it might have very well passed for an old city church of Queen Anne's time. The Prayerbook was an expurgated version of the Church of England Service, adapted to the tone of a Bostonian congregation, and warranted to contain 61 nothing that could “give umbrage to Trinitarian, Unitarian, Calvinist, or Arminian.” As a compromise it was evidently a failure, judging by the scantiness and the apparent apathy of the audience, who took no part whatever in the service. The sermon was an eloquent essay on the shortness of life —a point which admits of very little controversy. We learnt afterwards that the orthodox Episcopal Church was in the lower part of the town.

The next day we went by an early train to Lowell, the principal seat of the cotton manufacture, and the pet child of American Protection. It is an enormous village rather than town, of some 50,000 inhabitants, and mostly belongs to the Merrimac Company, who have the entire command of the water power, and possess the principal cotton mills in the place. We went over the largest of these establishments, which was in full work and in admirable order. We also visited a carpet manufactory belonging to another company. The carpets appeared to be strong and useful, very superior to Kidderminster, but not equal to 62 Brussels. Whatever may be said about the policy of the system which has brought this place into existence, there can be but one opinion as to its outward and visible results. It would probably be difficult to name any other seat of manufacturing enterprise in which the health, cleanliness, and comfort of the population were so conspicuously displayed.

On our return to Boston we called on Mr. Winthrop, who kindly offered us his services as cicerone, and invited us to spend the next day at his house. We went with him to see Faneuil Hall, where there is a fine picture of Webster addressing the Senate; and the Historical Museum, where, among other curiosities, we saw Washington's epaulettes, and a remarkable letter written by him, in a fine, bold hand, in which he speaks of having

grown not only gray, but nearly blind, in the service of his country. We saw there some of the identical tea which was thrown into the harbour and was washed ashore. We also visited the Picture Gallery, which contains some good specimens, both of painting and sculpture, and the 63 Public Library—a very handsome building, founded by Mr. Bates, and built by the Corporation. Mr. Winthrop's country seat is at Brookline, about four miles from Boston, and not far from the Forest Hill Cemetery, which is even more beautiful than that of Mount Auburn. Among the company we met at Mr. Winthrop's house was Mr. Grainger, his father-in-law—a fine old gentleman, who was at Niagara in 1812, when the British and American troops were drawn up in battle array on either side. He told us that the Falls were much altered in appearance since that time. They are said to recede about a foot every year. Mr. Winthrop belongs to the old Whig party, an ancestor of his having been the first Governor of the State of Massachusetts. Like most of his party, he thinks that the Republicans are pursuing an injudicious policy towards the South, and that conciliatory measures would be more likely to succeed. That, however, I need not say, is not the popular idea at present. The North seems determined to make full use of the advantage it has gained, and to keep its foot upon the neck of its prostrate foe. As for 64 the President, there is no limit to the abuse which is heaped upon him, and I must say that, whether deserved or not, it is painful to listen to. Even if the chief magistrate of a great country be a drunkard and a traitor, as I have heard him called, one would have thought that mere shame would lead his fellow-citizens to hide his faults rather than expose them. But it is not so here. The President is the mere creature of a party; and in no sense the exponent of the united voice of the country. If he falls short of the wishes and expectations of those who elected him, there is no language too bad for him, nor does any respect for his office shield him from the most rancorous abuse. The people—that is, the majority for the time being—is the sovereign, and the present tendency of things is to remove every check which exists to the immediate accomplishment of its wishes. Still, the substratum of good sense at the bottom of the American character is so great that there will probably be a reaction before long against the extreme views of the Radicals. We leave Boston to-morrow.

LETTER VI.

New York, Oct. 29, 1866.

My dear—,

WE left Boston on the 24th, with the intention of stopping that night at Providence, where we had letters of introduction to Mr. Goddard, one of the principal manufacturers in the neighbourhood. On our arrival, however, at Providence, we found all the hotels full, in consequence of a horse fair which was being held in the town; so we were obliged to go on the same night to Newhaven. We spent a very pleasant afternoon, however, with Mr. Goddard and his brother, who entertained us at their mother's house, and introduced us to General Burnside, Governor Antony, and several other political celebrities of the place. The whole party were strong Republicans, and were bent upon excluding from power all who had in any way sympathized with the “Rebels,” or had even expressed F 66 a doubt as to the policy of putting the “Rebellion” down by force. Our friend, Mr. Winthrop, I found, was included in the latter category. There was considerable difference of opinion among them about the franchise; General Burnside being in favour of its being granted to the negroes, while others thought that an educational franchise, like that in Massachusetts, was the best. All, however, maintained that a thorough education of the people was the only security against the perils of Democracy. Governor Antony, who invited us to call on him at Washington, admitted that it might have been good policy to let the South go, if Secession could have stopped there; but said that if the South had been allowed to secede, the West would have gone too, and the evil could never have been stopped. Burnside described the President as a “mean white,” who, having been formerly snubbed by the Southern aristocracy, was anxious to revenge himself upon them; but, that having brought them down on their marrowbones, he was now anxious to conciliate them, in order to secure their good offices for the future. The General is a 67 fine, soldierlike looking man, but, I suspect, not much of a politician. Governor Antony talked about the Trent affair, and said that nothing made them give in but the fear that, if they refused, England and

France would combine and recognize the South, and that “it was better to kneel to Queen Victoria than to Jeff. Davis.” Mr. Goddard spoke highly of the English operatives who came out to seek employment in his own and other mills in the neighbourhood, and said they were generally excellent Church people, and always brought out with them their Church-of-England prayerbooks; probably the parting gift of their friends. We had a good deal of talk about Canada, of which our host evidently did not entertain a very high opinion. As far as he was concerned, he declined to have it at any price. I fancy this sentiment is not uncommon in the North-Eastern States. The annexation of Canada would upset the balance of political parties; for the Canadians in general sympathized with the South, and would probably bring a strong reinforcement to the Democratic cause. This would account in some measure for the unwillingness of a F 2 68 large section of the North to meddle with Canada at present.

We spent the next day at Newhaven, where we found capital quarters at the “Newhaven House.” The “Elm City,” as it is called, from the multitude of elm trees by which its streets are shaded, is famous for Yale College, one of the principal seats of learning in the Union. It has not much to boast of in the way of buildings, but possesses a good library and an interesting picture gallery, containing many pictures of the principal events of the Wax of Independence, painted by Trumbull. Most of the houses in the suburbs are of wood, and three or four large and handsome churches in the town are built of the same material—towers, spires, and all.

In the afternoon we walked out to Westville, about two miles off, to see Mr. Blake, the inventor of the stone-breaking machine, which I had seen in operation at Quebec. It appears to be an excellent contrivance, and I shall certainly order one for the works at the new house. I have no doubt it will pay its cost in breaking up stones for concrete. We left the following day for New York, where we 69 found Lefevre and several other friends expecting us. We have been spending the last three days in lionizing some of the “institutions,” which we had not time to see during our first visit. Among others, we have seen the Naval Dockyard at Brooklyn, which is rather empty just now, and wont bear

comparison with Portsmouth or Plymouth. Most of the ironclads are in the Delaware, below Philadelphia, and there are only the Roanoke and one or two more here at present. The Dunderberg is in a private yard; but, as she is said to be the most formidable ship in the navy, we must endeavour to see her before we leave the country.

One of the lions here is Harper's printing and publishing office, which our good friend Mr. Thurlow Weed took us to see. They keep stereoplates of all their publications. We also visited Mr. Stewart's dry goods store, in company with Mr. W. Goddard, the elder brother of our friends at Providence, who happened to be staying here for a few days. Mr. Stewart has been one of the most successful men of his day. He landed here from Belfast, 70 about forty years ago, with scarcely a shilling in his pocket, and is now reputed to be worth £10,000,000 sterling. He was good enough to show us over his magnificent establishment himself. It is built of white marble, and is more like a palace than a warehouse. Besides this establishment, where the wholesale business is carried on, Mr. Stewart possesses a retail store, of similar style and dimensions, higher up Broadway, and also a private house, of equally palatial character, in Fifth Avenue. So much for the equality of condition among the citizens of the Great Republic, about which De Tocqueville descants so eloquently. I confess I have not been able to discover it as yet, though I have kept my eyes wide open for the very purpose; at all events, if it exists anywhere, it is in the rural districts, and not in the great towns, where talent and enterprise assert their superiority and find their reward even more quickly than in England. We begin our Western tour to-morrow.

LETTER VII.

Altoona, Nov. 4, 1866.

My dear—,

AS you will not have the least idea where this place is, and will probably look in vain for it on the map, I must begin by telling you that it is an important railway depôt, with a good hotel, about 240 miles from Philadelphia, and the best resting place between that city and

Pittsburg, whither we are bound to-morrow. Our chief reason for stopping here is that we may cross the Alleghannies by daylight, as the scenery is said to be very beautiful.

We left New York on the 31st, and arrived at Philadelphia the same afternoon. The road is uninteresting as far as Trenton, where it crosses the Delaware, after which it runs through a fertile, well-farmed country the rest of the way. The station is quite in the outskirts of the city, and we had to 72 drive three miles to the “Continental” Hotel, one of the best, if not the very best, in the Union. It was built by subscription, and cost, with its furniture, $1,500,000. The manager—a very civil, intelligent man, who rejoices in the name of Kingsley, showed us all over it, from top to bottom, and I never saw an establishment better arranged. The bed rooms are comfortable, the saloons magnificent, the cuisine excellent, and the charges moderate. They employ between 300 and 400 servants, including those in the laundry; and on the ground floor there is a kind of bazaar, where you can buy almost anything you want. So much for the “Continental.”

Philadelphia is situate on the right bank of the Delaware, at its junction with the Schuylkill —pronounced Schoolkill—and is laid out in long, interminable streets, intersecting each other at right angles, and generally shaded by trees. In spite, however, of its monotonous regularity, it has a gay, cheerful look about it; the combined result of its bright, red-brick houses, green trees, and brilliant sky. The first thing to be done. on 73 arriving in a strange city, is to get to the top of the highest tower in it; and accordingly we soon found our way to the top of the “State House,” where the Declaration of Independence was signed. The view of the city from the cupola surprised me. It is twelve miles in circumference, and is said to cover a larger area and to contain more houses than New York. The population is between 700,000 and 800,000, and most families occupy separate houses. It is certainly a curious fact that no country in Europe can boast of a *second* town with so large a population.

During our short stay in Philadelphia we received the greatest civilities from Mr. Childs, the proprietor of the *Philadelphia Ledger* , who entertained us sumptuously at his own house, and introduced us to many of the principal people in the place.

Evening calls are the fashion there, as, I believe, in most American towns; and among other houses where we paid our respects was that of General Meade—the hero of Gettysburg—who received us very courteously. He is a remarkably polished, gentlemanly man, and wears his honours modestly. 74 He told me that that battle, in his opinion, turned the tide of the war; and that, had it been lost, affairs would have taken a different course. He showed us a splendid gold medal and three swords, which had been presented to him in memory of his services. His family seemed to be kind, simple, and thoroughly unaffected—a good specimen of American domestic life, which, so far as I have seen, is generally of the best type. The General spoke strongly about the importance of maintaining friendly relations between the two countries. “We are descendants of the same people as yourselves,” he said; “why should there be any differences between us?” He strongly urged the policy of remitting the capital sentence on the Fenian prisoners—an opinion which is entitled to the more weight, as he was the officer employed in seizing the arms which were intended for the Fenian invasion of Canada.

The principal building in the city is Girard College—a sort of charity school for about 500 boys. It was founded by a Frenchman of that name, about five and thirty years ago, and is one of the most 75 absurd and expensive institutions I ever saw. It seems that the founder left about three million dollars for the purpose, and the trustees, not knowing what to do with the money, spent two-thirds of it in erecting a magnificent temple of white marble, almost as large as the Madeleine in Paris, which on the outside it closely resembles. The inside is all frittered away in class rooms and lecture rooms; so that in design the building is an architectural solecism. There is no correspondence whatever between the inside and the out. The roof is of white marble, like that of Milan Cathedral. There are three or four large buildings in the adjoining grounds, containing dormitories and refectories for about 470 boys, chiefly orphans, belonging to the city. The income of the foundation is derived from real property in the city, and amounts to £30,000 a year. The founder attached a condition to his gift, that no clergyman of any denomination should enter its walls, and an amusing story is told *àpropos* to this singular proviso. It is said that on one occasion, when

a gentleman with a white tie presented himself at the porter's lodge, 76 and requested to see the College, the porter, mistaking him for a clergyman, refused him admission. “Why, what the—do you mean?” exclaimed the indignant stranger. “Oh! pray go in, sir,” replied the porter, who at once saw his mistake.

“The City of Brotherly Love” prides itself, as might be expected, upon its philanthropic institutions; among which its State Prison, which is conducted upon reformatory principles, may be fairly reckoned. We visited this establishment, the chief characteristic of which appeared to me to be the length of time allowed or rather required for the process of reformation. Five, ten, or fifteen years are by no means unusual terms of imprisonment. The convicts are all in separate cells, and are never allowed to meet. They are not restricted as to the *quantity* of their food, and are allowed any proper books they like. They work either at shoemaking or weaving, and have a few square yards of open yard attached to each cell for the purposes of exercise. Those without education vary from seven to twenty-five per cent. of the whole number, and are taught to read, write, and cipher. The recommittals 77 amount to nine per cent. One fellow—a paperstainer by trade—had been committed four times, and had spent eleven years in prison, during which he had occupied himself in decorating the ceiling and walls of his cell in the most elaborate and artistic manner. How far this mode of treatment is beneficial to the prisoner or just to society I leave to others to decide. There will be less difference of opinion about the schools, which are said to be among the best in the Union. I was particularly struck with the Girls' Normal School, and with the manner in which a young damsel, who had only left school a twelvemonth, displayed her power of teaching algebra. Mr. Shippen, the Principal of the Education Board, accompanied us. He told me that there was great difficulty in obtaining good teachers in the rural districts, and that the schools in those parts were of a very inferior character. He considered female teachers incomparably the best.

After spending a couple of hours in the schools, we drove out to the Laurel Hill Cemetery, about four miles from the city. The first object that strikes 78 you on entering it is a curious piece of sculpture, representing Sir Walter Scott conversing with the Antiquary. It is

executed in sandstone, by a sculptor named Thorn, and possesses considerable merit. The Cemetery is rather crowded with monuments; but its situation, on the rocky banks of the Schuylkill river, is very beautiful.

The environs of Philadelphia abound in handsome villas and country seats, some of considerable size, and generally well kept up. The scenery reminded me of the North Hants country, about Strathfieldsaye, being undulating and well wooded. Land is very dear, and within four or five miles of the town fetches as much as £200 an acre.

The evening before our departure Mr. Childs gave us a most sumptuous entertainment, and invited many of the chief men of the place to meet us. Of course there were plenty of speeches, and General Meade proposed my health. We were strongly pressed to prolong our stay for a few days in order to make an excursion to the Oil Regions; but our limited time compelled us to forego this pleasure, and we left Philadelphia next morning. 79 The road is uninteresting as far as Harrisburg, where it crosses the Susquehanna, and shortly afterwards enters the Valley of the Juniata—a beautiful river—whose course it follows for a hundred miles. We arrived at Altoona last night, and, after attending service this morning at the Lutheran Church, we spent the rest of the day in exploring some of the lateral valleys on each side of the town. The land is mostly occupied in small farms, with a good bit of forest, and the people seem well off and respectable. The Alleghannies have by no means a picturesque look from this side, and hardly deserve the name of mountains. We shall know more about them, however, to-morrow.

LETTER VIII.

Tremont House, Chicago, Nov. 12, 1866.

My dear—,

HERE we are in “The Far West,” as people would have said twenty years ago; though in the present day the term would be held to be as much misapplied on this side of

the Atlantic as to call Berwick in “The Far North” would be at York. However, I must first recount the several stages of our journey hither. My last letter left us at Altoona, preparing for a start the following day, and accordingly we left that place at 9 a.m. on Monday, the 5th, and arrived at Pittsburg at 1.30. The road across the Alleghanies is beautifully engineered, and extremely interesting the whole way. It ascends rapidly after leaving Altoona, and in the course of ten or twelve miles rises upwards of 1,000 feet, winding along the side of wooded 81 ravines, somewhat resembling the lower part of the Simplon on the Swiss side. After reaching the summit, 2,300 feet above the sea, through a long tunnel, it passes a sort of Alpine hotel, much frequented during the summer, and presently enters the primæval forest—soon, alas! to disappear under the axe of the backwoodsman—through which it runs for several miles. In descending the western slope of the mountains it follows the course of a beautiful stream, through charming scenery, which continues all the way to Pittsburg. Long before arriving at that city, the ferruginous and bituminous qualities of the soil began to display themselves, and, on entering it, we found ourselves enveloped in a cloud of denser and blacker smoke than I was ever before doomed to inhale. The situation of the town, however, at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, which thenceforward bear the name of the Ohio, is very picturesque, and somewhat resembles that of Liege, only it is more wedged in between the steep banks of the rivers than that place. The quays are lined with iron foundries, which pour G 82 forth prodigious volumes of smoke, which apparently can find no means of escape, but hangs like a funeral pall over the town. I never saw anything half so murky. It seemed to beat Leeds and Sheffield put together—indeed, I believe it enjoys the reputation of being the smokiest place on the face of the earth. The river itself has a greasy, slimy appearance, arising from the quantity of petroleum and abominations of all kinds which are thrown into it. The steamers which ply on it are propelled by stern wheels, which draw less water than paddles.

Having a few hours of daylight to spare, we determined upon a ramble into the country, and following the course of a road which led up a steep hill on the opposite side of the

river, we soon found ourselves above the region of smoke, and in as pleasant a country as one could wish to see. The road overlooked the valley of the Ohio, as far as the eye could reach, and skirted several well-wooded ravines which descended to its banks. The scenery of the Ohio reminded me a good deal of the Meuse, on a larger scale, and the French certainly 83 did not go wrong in christening it “la belle rivière.” It was quite dark when we got back to Pittsburg, and before daybreak next morning we started for Cleveland, where we arrived at 2 p.m. For the first fifty miles the railway follows the course of the Ohio, after which it crosses the watershed between that river and Lake Erie, and runs through a flat, uninteresting country the rest of the way.

Cleveland is a large, thriving town, and carries on a considerable trade, both in oil and iron. The upper town occupies a large plateau, overlooking the lake, and is laid out in broad avenues, lined with trees. The lower town is full of furnaces and chimneys, and is almost as black as Pittsburg. We rambled about it till dusk, and then went on board the Detroit steamer, which left at 9 p.m. We had a very smooth passage, and arrived at Detroit at 8 a.m., having been detained a couple of hours by fog in the river. The approach to Detroit reminded me of some of the Dutch towns, the banks of the river being perfectly flat. On the Canadian side lies the straggling village of Windsor, chiefly occupied, G 2 84 I was told, by French Canadians, who here, as elsewhere, are more remarkable for their quiet industry than for the energy which characterizes their Yankee neighbours. Detroit itself is a large, well-built town, with very wide streets, some of them admirably paved with wood. Its situation on the strait which connects Lake Huron with Lake Erie, as well as the circumstance of its being the terminus of the Great Michigan Railways, combine to make it one of the principal keys to the Western States; but it possesses few attractions for the tourist; and, as the friends to whom we had letters of introduction were away from home, we had no inducement to prolong our stay. We gained much information, however, from the manager of the National Bank, on whom we had occasion to call, both as to the natural advantages of the different States, and as to the share which they had respectively borne in the late war. According to his estimate, Pennsylvania and New York—the most

populous States in the Union—had done least, in proportion to their numbers, for the common cause. We left Detroit at 10 the next 85 morning, and arrived here at 9 p.m. The country through which we travelled was dreary and uninteresting, and the railway cars, which boasted of some patent mode of ventilation, were positively stifling. Among our fellow-travellers were two women, who were on their way with their families to join their husbands in Iowa. They had originally settled in Canada, but found they could not make a living there, and so had shifted their quarters 600 miles further West. Distance counts for nothing in this country. Language is the common bond, and steam does all the rest.

Next morning we went up to the top of the Court-house, to get a bird's-eye view of the town, which covers a vast area, bounded by the lake on one side, and by the prairie on the other. The streets, as in all other American towns, are laid out at right angles. Some of them are extremely handsome. Michigan Avenue, which runs along the shore of the lake, and Wabash Avenue, which runs parallel to it, are particularly striking. The latter is paved with wood, and contains the principal churches. In a few years, when the wooden 86 houses are replaced by stone ones, it will be one of the finest streets in the States. No town in America appears to have gone ahead like this. Forty years ago it was a poor village, inhabited chiefly by Indians, and the whole place might have been bought for a few thousand dollars; now it contains 200,000 inhabitants, and is one of the richest and most flourishing towns in the Union. Among other curious feats of engineering, the art of houselifting has been practised here to an extraordinary extent. After the town had been regularly laid out, and most of the houses built, it was discovered that the streets were on too low a level; so they had to be raised several feet, and, as a necessary consequence, the houses were raised too. The Tremont House, where we are staying, and which makes up 150 beds, was raised bodily four or five feet, without sustaining any damage. I am told that a printing-office was treated in a similar manner, without having to suspend its business for a single day.

The chief trade of Chicago is in corn and cattle; and in every direction along the quays you see 87 huge, unsightly structures, called elevators, in which the grain which arrives from

the country is received and transferred to the ships. They are mere loading machines—that is all—and are only used to economize time and labour. The grain is brought in on one side in the railway trucks, from which it is shovelled out into pits under the floor of the building, and thence is lifted by an endless web into a trough, down which it pours, in a continual stream, into the hold of the ship, which lies along the other side of the quay.

In the afternoon we called upon Dr. Duggan, our fellow-passenger in the Java, and were most kindly received by him. The Bishop is a remarkably well-informed, gentlemanly man, and we were very sorry that his professional duties, which compelled him to leave Chicago on a visitation tour the following day, prevented us from seeing more of him.

The next morning, Mr. Bross, the Deputy Governor of the State, called upon us, and took us to see the principal establishments in the town. We first visited the Exchange Rooms, where all the corn jobbers carry on their operations. This is a 88 grand field for gambling, and fortunes are made and lost here in no time. We next visited the Illinois Central Railway Depôt, where we were shown specimens of the various productions of the State and samples of its soil, taken from different places. The company has still several hundred thousand acres of its original grant of land to dispose of; and a purchaser has no difficulty here in suiting himself, both as to quantity and quality. Some of the farms are on an enormous scale. Mr. Sullivant, of Douglas County, farms 40,000 acres, and has farmed half as many more. Such instances, of course, are very rare; but they show that in this State at least the field is open to the large capitalist as well as to the small farmer. As I was anxious to see a specimen of prairie farming on a grand scale I brought letters of introduction to this gentleman, but find that, unfortunately, he is away from home. We next visited several private establishments, which almost rival those of New York in size and splendour. One of the most remarkable is that of Mr. Bowen, a dry goods merchant, who told me that he began business 89 twelve years ago without a dollar, and is now turning over $8,000,000 a-year. He owns a good deal of real property in the town, and lives in one of the best houses in Michigan Avenue. Mr. Griggs, the principal publisher and bookseller in this place, also possesses a first-rate establishment. One of the wealthiest

inhabitants of the place is a man who began business as a waggon builder twenty-five years ago, when the town was in its infancy, and sold last year 5,000 waggons, and could have sold as many more if he could have supplied the demand. Such are the rewards of industry and perseverance in this extraordinary place. In the afternoon we visited the stock yards, about four miles out of town. They cover an area of 360 acres, and, though they have only been open a few weeks, they have already received in one week 13,000 beeves, 18,000 pigs, and 26,000 sheep. All the railways from the interior of the State have branches which converge to this point. The consumption of water is 150,000 gallons a day, and the supply is obtained from an artesian well. Many of the sheds, as well as the main thoroughfares, are 90 paved with wood, but the cattle are said to do better upon the ground. The slaughter-houses, where the animals are “packed,” as it is called, are about half a mile from the yards, but were not at work the day we were there. A large hotel, which makes up 150 beds, has been built for the accommodation of the cattle owners and drivers, at a cost of £25,000. Nothing that I have seen here gives me such an idea of the present and future importance of Chicago as this wonderful establishment. The great desideratum, which, no doubt, will some day be obtained, is a ship canal through Upper Canada, to connect Lake Huron with the St. Lawrence. This would enable cargoes to go direct from Chicago to Liverpool or London without unloading.

In the evening we went to a concert at the Opera-house—Miss Camille Orso, a female violinist, being the chief attraction. The Opera-house itself is one of the most beautiful and commodious theatres I have ever seen. In the centre of the ceiling is a cupola, which is brilliantly lighted, and affords ample means of ventilation. The drapery of the Theatre is light blue, and the decorations are extremely 91 tasteful. On Sunday we attended morning service at Trinity Church—a large, handsome building, capable of accommodating 1,800 people. Dr. Cummins, the Bishop elect of Kentucky, preached his farewell sermon—a very effective one. At the conclusion he made a special appeal for a supply of cast-off clothing, to enable the poorer children of his flock to go to school. So that, in spite of social equality, &c., there are ragged children, it seems, even in Chicago. In the evening we went

to hear Mr. Milburn, a celebrated blind preacher, who delivered a lecture on the life and times of St. Chrysostom, in the course of which he took occasion to remark that “pulpits were the invention of the devil.” I never heard that before, though I believe some people think that pews are. Next day we made an excursion to Milwaukee, 85 miles from Chicago, on the west side of the lake. It is situate partly on a river of that name, and partly on the cliffs, or bluffs, as they are called, which line that part of the coast. It is a remarkably pretty, cheerful town, and contains a magnificent hotel, called Newhall-house—one of the 92 cleanest and best managed I have seen in the States. It carries on a considerable lumber trade; and, judging from the number of comfortable, tidy-looking houses in it, must be a thriving place. It contains a large German colony, as we discovered from the fact that most of our fellow-passengers in the train spoke that language. Some of these days it will become a sort of Brighton to Chicago, its situation being far superior.

The question of water supply and drainage has lately exercised the wits of the good people of Chicago. Up to the present time all the sewage of the town has been poured into the lake, thereby rendering a pure supply of water a matter of considerable difficulty. This, however, has at length been overcome by the construction of a tunnel from the shore to a point under the bed of the lake, two miles off, from which a perpendicular shaft is carried up to the surface of the lake, and the water is thus obtained in a state of perfect purity. We went out in a steam tug to take a look at this “crib,” as it is called; but the sea was too rough to admit of our landing, and we gained little from 93 our voyage but some very unpleasant experience of the disturbing influences of Lake Michigan, when in an excited state, upon the interior economy of the human frame. One of our party, who was a particularly “good sailor,” and had twice crossed both the Atlantic and the Pacific with impunity, was forced to give unequivocal proofs that he had learnt a new sensation on Lake Michigan, and I fear he has conceived a profound disgust for its treacherous waters.

The second and even more important triumph which the Chicago engineers are about to achieve is the diversion of its sewage from the bed of Lake Michigan to that of the Mississippi. By deepening a canal which joins the Chicago and Illinois rivers, they will be

enabled to turn all the sewage of the town into the latter stream, by which it will eventually find its way into the Gulf of Mexico.

So much for Chicago, which we shall leave tomorrow with great regret, and shall long and gratefully remember.

LETTER IX.

St. Louis, Nov. 19, 1866.

My dear—,

WE spent our last evening at Chicago, at the house of Mr. McGagg, where we met a most agreeable party. One of the number was General Strong, a young and gallant officer of the Federal army, who distinguished himself by a remarkable exploit. Having been taken prisoner while reconnoitring the enemy, he was ordered by the commander of the squadron which captured him to deliver up his pistol. He immediately drew it, shot the commander and three of his men, and, putting spurs to his horse, galloped off amidst a shower of bullets, and escaped unhurt. Chicago is said to be much infested with beggars and burglars. Mr. Coventry, one of the Commissioners of Police, told me that the country was full of them—partly the result of the late war. We 95 passed the State Prison the next day, on our way to Bloomington. It is “located” near the police station, where there is a fine quarry of limestone—a great treasure, of course, in a country where you may travel for many miles without seeing either a stick or a stone. There is something, however, very exciting in the first view of a prairie. At this time of the year, indeed, it possesses none of the floral charms and freshness which travellers ascribe to it in the spring, but looks down-trodden, brown, and parched. There is, however, the same boundless expanse of turf, stretching, perhaps, for twenty miles in every direction; unbroken, except at intervals, by patches of Indian corn, which mark the neighbourhood of some homestead, and by herds of cattle which find here an inexhaustible pasturage. Prairie farming appears to be of the roughest and most primitive description; the bounty of nature in the unexampled

fertility of the soil has left little or nothing for human industry to accomplish, and the only desideratum is labour, which Yankee ingenuity does its best to supply by agricultural machinery.

96

Bloomington, where we stayed a night on our way to St. Louis, is a mighty dull place, and quite unworthy of its poetical name. It is, however, rapidly increasing, and its suburbs are dotted about with comfortable villas. Springfield, which we passed the next day on the way to St. Louis, is a much better looking place, and is situate in the midst of a well-wooded country, where Abe Lincoln probably first learnt the trade of rail-splitter. The manners and customs of the natives in this part of the world are decidedly Western. Our fellow-travellers kept up a constant fire of tobacco juice, which almost flooded the car, and rendered their society by no means pleasant. Much as I hate smoking, I would gladly have compounded for any quantity of tobacco in the gaseous form to have got rid of this sickening and detestable exhibition of it. We arrived at St. Louis about 10 p.m., crossing the Mississippi by a steam ferry, and found excellent quarters at the Southern Hotel—one of the newest and best on this continent.

You would suppose that in a town of 200,000 97 inhabitants, situate on the banks of the greatest river in the world, some attention would have been paid to the formation of quays, and to the general improvement, if not embellishment, of the river side. Nothing of the kind has been attempted as yet at St. Louis. To be sure, we have not much to boast of in this way at home, and have only just been driven by the pressure of street traffic to adopt the expediency of embanking the Thames; but if our Transatlantic cousins could learn nothing from us, they might certainly have borrowed an idea from the French, who have shown at Bordeaux, Nantes, and other commercial towns, that they know how to adorn as well as utilize their river frontages. The whole river frontage of St. Louis has a grimy, disreputable appearance; the shores are steep and ill paved, and the houses which command it are generally mean and squalid; but a perfect forest of funnels lines the river for three miles, and conveys some idea of the enormous traffic of which it is the channel.

The opposite shores are flat and scrubby, and the navigation of the river is much impeded by sandbanks, which are H 98 constantly shifting. To do justice to the “Father of Waters,” one ought to make his acquaintance at an earlier stage of his career, where he is said to be comparatively pure and limpid. Here, he is so completely overpowered by the muddy waters of the Missouri that he presents a very turbid and unwholesome appearance, and is not for a moment to be compared to the St. Lawrence. The natives, however, drink its muddy water, and declare it is best unfiltered. The town itself is handsome and well built; but, being a few years older than Chicago, is not so gay or attractive as its younger sister. Indeed, there is no little jealousy between the rival communities, which betrays itself in all sorts of odious comparisons. When the cholera was raging here, a few months ago, the people of Chicago issued placards warning everybody against St. Louis, which they described as a pest house. The St. Louisians are now returning the compliment by describing Chicago as the veriest den of thieves and rowdies out of New York.

The Mississippi is the real boundary between the Eastern and Western States, and the tide of emigration 99 and enterprise is setting fast in the latter direction. Already have several hundred miles of railway been carried through Missouri into Kansas; and, had we arrived here a fortnight sooner, we should probably have come in for an excursion to Fort Riley—some 500 miles west of St. Louis—to which the railway has just been opened. The Pacific Union Railway is being pushed across the prairies at the rate of a mile a day; and by the end of 1868 is expected to reach Denver, in Colorado, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Five years hence, should no unforeseen obstacle occur, it will be completed to St. Francisco, which will then be accessible from London within three weeks. The Mormons will then be required to mend their ways, or to “move on;” and, if I mistake not, such a development of trade and commerce will take place as the world has never yet seen. The Rocky Mountains will then become the Switzerland of America, and the magnificent scenery of the Yo Semite Valley, with its unrivalled waterfalls, and its grove of Wellingtoneas, 300 feet high, will be brought within ten days or a fortnight of New H 2 L. of C. 100 York. The mineral resources of this State, especially in iron, are enormous.

Under the auspices of Mr. Blow, a member of Congress, to whom we are indebted for every possible attention, we joined an excursion party to the “Iron Mountain”—one of the wonders of this country, a veritable hill of iron of extraordinary purity, the ore containing from 70 to 80 per cent. of the pure metal—about 90 miles distant. The iron is quarried out of the hill, like slate or chalk, and looks more like a broken anvil than a piece of iron ore. A few miles further is another metallic excrescence, called “Pilot Knob,” composed of iron of greater crystalline beauty, but of less purity than that of the “Mountain.” We ascended the knob, which is about 300 feet above the valley, and there, in the name of their respective countries, the British Lion and the American Eagle expressed their mutual good wishes. The only drawback to the enjoyment of this mineral treasure is the want of coal wherewith to work it profitably; but I endeavoured to console my friends for this misfortune by suggesting that Providence may have 101 specially reserved this treasure from the wasteful hands of the present generation, till the period when all the other mines, which can at present be worked cheaper, are exhausted; and the knob may be required to furnish the last engine for the last train to St. Francisco.

The neighbourhood of St. Louis, like that of all the other towns we have seen, abounds in villas, and land is rapidly increasing in value. Among other places, we visited the Botanical Gardens and Arboretum, belonging to Mr. Shaw, an Englishman by birth, who came out here forty-eight years ago, and has made a considerable fortune. The old gentleman received us very kindly, and showed us over his grounds, which are considered one of the lions of the neighbourhood. They cover about three hundred acres, and, as Mr. Shaw is a bachelor, it is expected that he will bequeath them to the town.

After hearing nothing but Protectionism talked for the last two months, it was some relief to come across a Freetrader. Such a heretic we met with in the person of Mr. Eales, an eminent shipbuilder of 102 this place, and, so far as I could judge from his looks and conversation, a gentleman of very great ability. He has built several ironclads for the Government, and invented a method of working the heaviest guns by steam, so as to dispense with revolving turrets. Being a shipbuilder, of course he wants cheap

iron, and, therefore, free trade in that commodity. This, however, does not suit the views of the ironmasters, who, not content with the present exorbitant protection they enjoy, are perpetually clamouring for more. In fact, go where you will in this country, you find the doctrine of Freetrade absolutely tabooed, and the very name of Adam Smith anathematized. Nothing is so difficult as to convince people who believe they are enriching themselves by keeping out foreign competition that such a system is radically unsound; and it is quite amusing to hear from the lips of manufacturers in this country the identical arguments in favour of Protection which were so stoutly maintained by British farmers and country gentlemen thirty years ago.

The great idea of the Americans is to be independent 103 of all the world, and to buy nothing of other countries that can possibly be produced at home. They even talk of introducing the cotton manufacture into Virginia and Tennessee, and endeavour to persuade the farmers that it is for their interest to encourage home manufactures as the best means of getting a market for their own produce. Certainly, if sound ideas on political economy are expected to flow from a system of national education, the American system must be very defective.

We have now reached the furthest point of our pilgrimage, and turn our steps homeward to-morrow.

LETTER X.

Burnet House, Cincinnati, Nov. 26, 1866.

My dear—,

WE left St. Louis on the 20th, at 6 a.m., and arrived at Louisville at 9 p.m. The distance is 274 miles, and the country for the most part flat and dreary. The road traverses the southern part of Illinois—a most ill-favoured region to look at, though capable, we were told, of growing cotton in time to come. It then crosses the Wabash, one of the principal

affluents of the Ohio, and enters the State of Indiana, running through miles of forest, till it reaches Mitchell, a town on the main line between Chicago and Louisville, where we changed carriages for the latter place. The population hereabouts seemed as rough and 105 uncouth as one could wish to see, and the very children swore like troopers.

Louisville, the chief town in Kentucky, is a large, clean, well-built city, on the left bank of the Ohio, which is here a much finer river than the Mississippi at St. Louis. The next morning, Mr. Hunt, one of the principal bankers in the town, to whom our friend J—had brought letters of introduction, called upon us, and took us for a drive round the town. The cemetery, as usual, was the chief lion of the place. It contained sad memorials of the late war in a multitude of graves, both of Federal and Confederate soldiers, who died here in hospital. They lie in rows, the Federals in one plot, the Confederates in another, while here and there a more costly monument marks the resting place of some gallant officer who perished in the struggle.

As there was not much to detain us in the town, we started at 5 p.m. by the Nashville Railway for Cave City, the nearest station to the Mammoth Cave. The road runs through a picturesque country, and crosses several deep ravines on very 106 slight and rickety-looking wooden bridges, without parapets, though doubtless safe enough. We always crossed them, however, at a foot's pace, and had plenty of time to contemplate the horrors beneath. The road was patrolled by troops in several places, owing to a frightful outrage which was committed a few nights ago upon the mail train by one of the bands of highwaymen or banditti—a legacy of the war—who infest this part of the country. A gang of these ruffians tore up the rails, stopped the train, and robbed the passengers at their leisure. Justice, however, speedily overtook them, and the whole gang is said to be captured. We arrived at Cave City at 9 p.m., and, as it was a fine, moonlight night, we held a council of war with our fellow-travellers who were bent on the same errand, and determined to go on to the Cave Hotel, ten miles distant, the same night. It took some time, however, to get our vehicle under way, and, the road being rough and hilly, we did not reach our destination till 2 a.m. We found the hotel, which is much bepuffed in the

guide books, a most comfortless den, and the fare equally bad. In my 107 own room, which was one of the best, there were three panes of the window broken, and the bed felt as if it were stuffed with pumpkins. Nevertheless, on this “uneasy pallet” I enjoyed the best night's rest, after our first day in the Cave, that I have yet had in this country. The Cave itself has long been celebrated as one of the wonders of the world. Its extent is prodigious. More than 100 miles are said to have been already explored, and fresh “avenues” are being constantly opened up. For the profit of the guides, as well as the convenience of tourists, the Cave tour is divided into two routes, called the long and the short routes, each of which leaves out some of the principal lions included in the other. We began with the former, which extends from the entrance to the extremity of the Cave, a distance of nine miles, and requires ten hours to accomplish, there and back. The entrance to the Cave is about a couple of hundred yards from the hotel, and is by no means striking—not nearly so much so as that of the Peak Cavern in Derbyshire. It soon expands, however, into a vast tunnel, the sides of which are covered by 108 legions of bats, which testify by incessant chirping their dislike to the intrusion of strangers. After walking for half a mile or so along the main avenue, you come to a huge rock, called the Giant's Coffin, where you turn sharp round to the right, and descend a ladder, which conducts to the lower depths of the Cave. You then walk for a couple of miles through various chambers and galleries, including a very narrow and tortuous cleft or passage, called “Fat Man's Misery,” till, at the distance of about three miles from the entrance, you reach the lowest level of the Cave, on the shores of “Lake Lethe,” which communicates with “Echo River,” down which you proceed in a boat for more than half a mile. This river contains the eyeless fish (of which the guide keeps specimens), and communicates by a subterranean passage with the Green River outside. Its depth varies from six to thirty feet, and the water rises and falls in harmony with that of the Green River. It is certainly a most awful-looking place, and realizes all that poets have written about the Styx and the regions of woe. We should have gladly enjoyed or wondered at it in silence; 109 but our Yankee companions were otherwise minded, and bored us to death with their songs and shouts. Nothing but the softest music, and that at a distance, would have been tolerable in such a place. At one spot, far away in

the recesses of the Cave, a faint, plaintive sound, like the wail of some imprisoned spirit, occasionally breaks upon the ear. The tones of nature are said to be all in the minor key; and certainly the genius of Beethoven never struck a sadder or more pathetic chord. A single drop of water, falling at intervals from the vaulted roof of the cavern into the pool below, is the instrument which elicits this soul-subduing music, which really haunted me for hours afterwards, and which I doubt if any human skill could imitate.

After safely performing the voyage down Echo River, you enter a long gallery, called “Silliman's Avenue,” which leads to another, called the pass of “El Ghor;” after passing which you ascend to “Cleveland's Cabinet,” the ceiling of which is encrusted with an efflorescence of gypsum, resembling roses, one of the finest specimens being called “the last rose of summer.” At the end of 110 “Cleveland's Cabinet” you arrive at the foot of the “Rocky Mountains”—a steep, rugged heap of stones—having crossed which, you enter the last section of the Cave, which terminates very appropriately in the “Bottomless Pit,” or “Maelstrom,” a formidable-looking gulf about 170 feet deep, from the bottom of which other unexplored avenues are said to branch off. We returned by the same route by which we came, and were not sorry to emerge once more from the shades below into the regions of light, though it was almost dark when we left the Cave. On the whole, we were somewhat disappointed with the “long route,” as, with the exception of Echo River, it contains nothing that I should care to see again. This portion of the Cave is wholly devoid of stalactites, and possesses none of the picturesque features of cave scenery. Its general character is that of the dried-up bed of a subterranean river; and a section of it would exhibit a series of galleries or channels, through which the Green River or some of its tributaries have flowed at various levels in bygone ages, gradually working their way down to the present 111 level of Echo River. In fact, you can plainly trace the water marks in many places; and in one spot you ascend, by a ladder, a precipice, which was evidently the site of a subterranean waterfall. The temperature of the Cave is dry and equable, averaging from 57° to 59°, and the guidebooks inform you that it possesses the marvellous property

of preventing fatigue—a statement which I would recommend no traveller to rely upon, unless quite confident of his walking powers.

The next day, before commencing the “short route,” we visited “Procter's Cave”—a small, but very interesting one, about three miles distant. It contains some magnificent stalactites, and several profound gulfs, or “domes,” as they are called, which we had no means of exploring. We then returned to the Mammoth Cave, and accomplished the short route, which we found more interesting than the long one. It contains a fine dome, called “Gorin's” dome, about 250 feet high, which, when lighted up, is very striking. But the most remarkable spot in this part of the Cave is the “Star Chamber”—so called from the effect produced by 112 the white efflorescence of gypsum upon its dark roof, which, when seen by a kind of artificial twilight produced by the guide's lamp, shines exactly like stars in a dark night. The illusion is complete. You feel as if you were at the bottom of a huge ravine, with the stars shining overhead. On the way to it we passed some stone huts, where a person in the last stage of consumption had spent several months, under the idea that the uniform temperature of the Cave would retard the progress of his malady. The experiment, however, utterly failed, and the unfortunate victim lived just long enough to be carried out of the Cave alive. We returned to Louisville the same evening, and started the next afternoon by steamer for this place. We had a delightful voyage up the river, which looked more lovely by moonlight than by day, and arrived here the next morning at 6 o'clock.

Cincinnati, or Porcopolis, as the Yankees call it, is a very handsome city, and well deserves its title of “Queen of the West.” The Ohio here is as broad as the Thames at Waterloo Bridge, and is spanned by a very light and beautiful suspension bridge, 113 which is only just finished, and has not yet been opened to the public. On the opposite, or Kentucky shore lies the unfashionable quarter of Covington—the Southwark of Cincinnati —where pigs roam about the streets as freely as in Galway. The “packing” business here goes on as merrily as in Chicago, and I don't know how many pigs are annually converted into sausages. I can testify, however, to the excellent quality of those comestibles, which I think are the best I ever tasted. Cincinnati is also famous for its sparkling catawba—a very

good imitation of champagne, and very little cheaper. The population of the town is of a very miscellaneous character. It contains a large proportion of Jews, Germans, and Irish, the former of whom own a great deal of real property, including many of the best stores and warehouses. With respect to the Germans and Irish—two very important elements in American society—one hears everywhere the same story; that the former take to country life, and become landed proprietors, while the latter, as a general rule, hang about the towns, and follow pretty much the same occupation I 114 as they do at home. No doubt many of them better their condition, and become respectable citizens; but I am bound to say that the language I generally hear applied to them is anything but complimentary. The suburbs of the town are beautiful, and furnish many delightful sites for villas. We noticed one in the Elizabethan style, the property of a wealthy merchant, which would have done credit to Clydesdale or the best suburban neighbourhood of London. As our time begins to run short, and the only gentleman to whom we brought letters of introduction is out of town, we shall leave this to-morrow for Baltimore.

LETTER XI.

Washington, Dec. 6, 1866.

My dear—,

WE left Cincinnati on the 27th ult., and arrived at Baltimore the evening of the following day. The most direct as well as picturesque route between the two places is by the Baltimore and Ohio line; but as it is only a single line, and is consequently more liable to stoppages and delays, we preferred the more circuitous route by Columbia and Pittsburg. Having to travel all night, we engaged berths in a sleeping car, which is generally attached to night trains, and in which, for a few dollars extra, you are provided with quite as good a bed as you get on board ship. They are arranged in tiers along the side of the car, and though I cannot say that my slumbers were very profound, yet it was infinitely better to be able to I 2 116 stretch oneself at full length than to be obliged to sit bolt upright all

night, as is generally the case at home. We had a very pleasant travelling companion in a gentleman who had migrated to this country from Manchester in 1832, and who might have passed for a good specimen of that Anglo-American race of colonists whose loyalty and affection we had the folly to throw away. Though now thoroughly imbued with the ideas and aspirations of his adopted country, he retained all his early English sympathies, and expressed the highest admiration for our constitution, which he said he should be very sorry to see destroyed. He thought we could bear a considerable extension of the franchise, but deprecated any organic change. One anecdote he told us was quite touching in its way. We were talking about different objects which an English traveller missed in America; and I observed how much I lamented the absence of church bells, which we were so fond of at home. He told me, in reply, that he himself and most English emigrants had experienced the same feeling, and that on one occasion, when he was present at the inauguration 117 of a peal of bells—a ceremony rarely witnessed in that country—he observed that every Englishman present was in tears. There was a spell in that music which no change of country or allegiance could withstand. We had a good deal of talk about Canada, the annexation of which in due season our friend, like all other Americans, looked forward to as a matter of course. We arrived at Baltimore at 6 p.m., and found comfortable quarters in the Eutaw House. Baltimore presents a striking contrast to the busy towns of the West, which we have just left. It is beautifully situate on the slope of a hill which rises two or three hundred feet above the sea, and has a quiet, fashionable look about it which savours of ease and refinement. We ascended Washington's Monument, which crowns the summit of the hill, and had an excellent view of the town and its environs, which are pretty and well wooded. To judge from appearances, it must be a very agreeable place to live in. Being “Thanksgiving Day,” all the shops were shut; so, after lounging about the harbour, and examining the cut of a Baltimore clipper, we came on to 118 Washington the same evening. Washington has been so well abused by every English traveller who has described it that I need hardly swell the chorus of vituperation. It is certainly the last place I should choose to reside in of any I have seen on this continent. As the political centre of the Union it typifies exactly the weakness and

incoherence of the Federal Government, as it existed before the war. Perhaps, now that the Congress is assuming higher functions and the influence of the several States is proportionately declining, Washington itself may acquire a more solid and business like tone; but at present it has a dull, unmeaning look about it, which one does not know how to reconcile with the splendour of its public buildings and the fame of its great founder. But for Congress it would probably have never existed at all; and though there may be some sense in placing the seat of legislature beyond the reach of mobs, yet it may be questioned whether this advantage is not dearly bought at the price of being quartered in a second-rate, provincial town, with nothing whatever, in the way either of business or 119 pleasure, to divert the minds of hon. members from the bitterness and strife of politics.

The morning after our arrival we called at the British Embassy, and had the honour of an interview with his Excellency. We then visited the Patent Office—a very fine Doric building of white marble, containing an immense collection of models, the utility of which I should think was very questionable. Considering the prodigious fertility of American inventiveness, the collection must soon become quite unmanageable, unless a periodical clearance is made of the rubbish which is daily accumulating. In the afternoon we walked out to one of the cemeteries, a couple of miles out of town, in search of the grave of P. H—, which we were charged by his friends in England to discover if possible. It turned out not to be in this cemetery, but in another and much older one, nearer town, which we visited on Sunday.

Next morning we received an early visit from our good friend Mr. Blow, who had just arrived from St. Louis. We spent the greater part of the 120 day with him in lionizing the Capitol and visiting the various public departments. The Capitol itself is a very imposing building, and I know nothing more striking than the effect of its magnificent white marble dome, towering up like a snowy mountain into the deep blue sky. The interior is less successful, and is frittered away, as usual, in small rooms and long passages. Much care, however, has been bestowed upon the personal comfort of the members of Congress; and in this respect their arrangements would lose nothing by a comparison with those of our more aristocratic Houses. We were introduced to Colonel Forney, Clerk of the

House of Representatives; Mr. Colfax, the Speaker; Mr. Morrill, of tariff celebrity, the very incarnation of Protection. We then called upon Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, the Mentor of the Radical section. He is a man of very striking appearance—a good deal like Lord Lyndhurst, but with more fire and energy in his countenance. He was intensely savage against the South, and bent upon ruling them with a rod of iron. He talked of confiscating half their estates 121 as the mildest punishment that ought to be inflicted on them. I suggested that if the North did not want to have another Ireland upon its hands, it might be better to try the effects of gentler measures, and to endeavour to win them back by kind treatment; that the contest had been inevitable from the very beginning of the Constitution, and had been predicted by almost every writer on the subject; and that the Union being now secured, the victors ought not to pursue their advantage in a vindictive spirit. The old gentleman listened patiently to all I had to say, and invited me to call and see him again. We then called upon Mr. Staunton, the Secretary for War, and Mr. Gideon Welles, the Secretary for the Naval Department. The former I take to be one of the ablest men in the country, as he is unquestionably one of the most laborious and determined. It was mainly through his persevering exertions that the Northern armies were organized and recruited, and he confessed to having buried 200,000 men and spent a thousand million dollars during the war. We then visited the Treasury Department, and were introduced 122 to Mr. McCulloch, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Spinner, the personage whose image and superscription appear on the Treasury-notes or greenbacks, and who kindly allowed us to see the strong room where the greenbacks are kept. The employés in this establishment were mostly young women. Here I was initiated into the mysteries of the national currency, which is rather puzzling to a stranger. The whole concern is of course utterly detestable in the eyes of an Englishman, who likes hard cash, and only tolerates paper for the sake of convenience; but it is rendered still more odious from the fact that under the American system there are two kinds of paper currency running side by side, each holding out a delusive promise of payment, and neither fulfilling it. The ordinary currency consists of notes issued by certain banks, containing a promise to “pay on demand” the amounts which they represent. These notes are based upon securities in the

shape of Government stock, deposited at the Treasury; and when presented for payment are paid—not in cash, but in 123 Treasury-notes or greenbacks, which contain also “a promise to pay,” not on demand, but at some future time not yet settled, the actual silver dollar or dollars to which Jonathan has so long been a stranger. Among other advantages which greenbacks possess, is that of being easily torn, defaced, or destroyed; and I was informed on the highest authority that whenever the day arrived for resumption of cash payment not less than six million dollars' worth of greenbacks would be found missing—a clear gain to the Treasury of that amount. So much for the currency question. The next day being Advent Sunday we attended Divine service at the Episcopal Church, where we were edified by a sermon directed against the popular views on that subject. The preacher denounced the idea that the end of the world was nigh at hand, and contended that such could not be the case, as America had not yet had time to show what she could do.

On Monday we attended the opening of Congress, and were introduced to a host of Senators and Representatives, including the Mormon representative 124 from Utah—a grave-looking personage, who enjoys the distinction of neither preaching nor practising the doctrine of polygamy. The arrangements in both Houses struck me as very inferior to those in our own. Each member is provided with a desk, which not only takes up a good deal of room, but gives the whole place the air of an examination room rather than of a debating chamber, and quite destroys the idea of a battle field of hostile parties drawn up in array against each other, which is presented in the opposite benches of our own Houses. We were accommodated with seats on the floor of the House, and, as we afterwards learnt, narrowly escaped the ordeal of being formally introduced to the Speaker in his chair—an honour which would have entailed upon us the necessity of making a speech in reply.

The next day we went with Mr. Wendell to see the Government Printing Office. In one room there were 52 machines at work. In this establishment are printed all the Government Reports, blue books, and other State documents. We next 125 called on Colonel Bogy, Minister of the Indian Department, a descendant of one of the old French

colonists. By this gentleman we were introduced to Mr. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, who took us to the “White House” to call on the President. If anything were wanting to remind that functionary that he is the servant and not the sovereign of the people, it would be supplied by the lodging provided for him by his fellow-citizens, than which nothing can be conceived more homely and unpretending. It is indeed plain almost to meanness, and both externally and internally deficient in the dignity and grandeur which become so high an office. His Excellency received us very graciously, but left me to suggest such topics of conversation as the limited period of such a visit would admit of. Of course I could do nothing but compliment him on the pacific tone of his Message, which I had just read. Mr. Seward was present, but said nothing, and looked old and infirm. We dined with Chief Justice Chase, and found him very agreeable. I discovered, to my surprise, that he was in favour of the immediate resumption of cash 126 payments. We had a good deal of conversation about the war, the Alabama business, and other matters, and I certainly consider him one of the ablest men I have met with in this country. In the evening we went to Colonel Forney's, where we met with a large party of Senators, Representatives, and journalists. At supper my health was proposed, and there was a good deal of speechifying, of which Mr. Colfax and General Banks took the lion's share. Nothing could be more handsome and gratifying than our reception on this occasion.

Next morning we went to see the Botanical Gardens, and had a long talk with Mr. Smith, the manager, who had migrated from England about thirteen years ago. He told us he had learnt his business at Kew, where he had also imbibed the political ideas of Mr. Bright, but that a thirteen years' residence in America had cured him of all that. We spent the rest of the day in calling on some of our numerous friends, and in the evening we received a visit from General Grant, who sat with us half an hour, and talked chiefly about farming and cotton-growing. The more I see of 127 the General the more I fancy he is the man for the Presidency when the next vacancy occurs. He is calm, clear-headed, and determined, and the country wants such a man to set it to rights. We left Washington the following day, and arrived in New York the same evening.

POSTSCRIPT.

OUR last visit to New York was as pleasant as the two former ones. Winter had not yet set in, and the city looked brighter and gayer than ever. We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Cyrus Field, at whose house we met Admiral Farragut—a hearty old sailor, of the thorough British type. The Admiral gave us a note to Mr. Webb, the builder of the Dunderberg, which vessel we inspected the following day. Mr. Webb himself was not at home, but his foreman, a very intelligent Scotchman, showed us everything. The Dunderberg is the most powerful vessel in the American navy; but was built too late to be of any service in the war. They talk of selling her to one of the European Governments. Our cicerone told us that, 129 in spite of the high wages paid to shipwrights and other artisans, the cost of living had increased so much, that be believed that a skilled mechanic could do better in Lancashire at the present moment than at New York. The forthcoming Ocean Yacht Race from New York to the Needles excited great interest. The boats started on the 11th, and Captain McVicker, Commodore of the Squadron, sailed with us in the Scotia on the following day. The evening before our departure we dined with Mr. Wainwright, where we met Mr. Webb, the shipbuilder, and Mr. Ogden, of Chicago, to whom we were indebted for many attentions, though we had not made his acquaintance before. We left New York at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, the 12th, with a very pleasant set of fellow-passengers, including Lord Monck and his suite, Lord Airlie, and Mr. Scarlett, our Mexican Minister. We made a splendid run to Queenstown, where we arrived at 5.30 a.m. on Friday, the 21st. We landed there ourselves, and sent our servant and luggage on to Liverpool. We travelled with Lord Monck in a K 130 special train to Dublin, had a beautiful, moonlight passage to Holyhead, and got home at noon the following day, twelve hours before our servant, who met with a railway accident on the way—the only mishap that occurred during the whole of our tour, and which we escaped by taking the Holyhead route. Thus ended our American tour—the most interesting and instructive one I ever made, and which I heartily recommend to any of my friends who may care more to speculate on the future destinies of our race than to ruminate on the past. America must

be seen to be understood; and those who visit it will probably return with mixed feelings —of pride, at the thought that the great work of civilization which is rapidly overspreading that continent is being carried on by men of our own race and language; and of grave reflection, I will not say of sorrow, at the thought that half a century hence America will be the most powerful country on the face of the earth, and that, as all greatness is relative, our own star will be on the decline. In conclusion, I will only add that, among the many

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131

blessings for which I have cause to be thankful during a journey of nearly 12,000 miles, is that of having enjoyed the most perfect health during the whole of the time. And now a long farewell to my American friends, whose unbounded kindness and hospitality I shall ever remember with gratitude, and hope some day to have an opportunity of requiting.

J. W.